

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Parallel Texts from

Quarto 2, printed 1604 from the Griggs Facsimile
published in 1880 and

1st Folio printed in 1623 from the Lee Facsimile
published in 1902 and the Methuen Facsimile
published in 1910.

Introduction

This is a rough and ready parallel text edition of Hamlet using the texts from Second Quarto and the First Folio. Bankside had a parallel edition of a reconstruction of the “lost” Ur-Hamlet and the Second Quarto. Wilhelm Vietor published a parallel text edition with the First Quarto and the Second Quarto combined with the First Folio on the facing page. Bernice Kliman, Bernice and Paul Bertram edited “The three-text Hamlet : Parallel Texts of the First and Second Quartos and First Folio, where the Second Quarto and the First Folio are not on facing pages.

So not having an parallel text edition I liked I made my own. This is a non-commercial publication for educational purposes only.

Michael Connors, April 2022

Bibliographical Note. The First Folio text is taken from the 1902 Facsimile (edited by Sidney Lee) and the 1910 Methuen Facsimile. The Second Quarto text is taken from the 1880 Furnivall Facsimile of the Second Quarto dated 1604.

The scans from the 1902 Lee Facsimile were found at the archive.org site:
https://archive.org/details/shakespearecome00shak_1. There is no notice of copyright. The Boston Public Library scanned this copy. Hamlet appears from p. 760 to p. 790 (Lee's pagination).

The scans from the 1910 Methuen Facsimile were found at the archive.org site:
https://archive.org/details/mrwilliamshakesp00shak_3/page/n1/mode/1up. The Boston Public Library scanned this copy. There is no notice of copyright. The Methuen facsimile does not give a through pagination.

E. K. Chambers in William Shakespeare A Study of Facts and Problems gives the following information in Volume 1. p. 409: [F1. 1623.] [Catalogue] The Tragedy of Hamlet [Tragedies, pp. 152-6, 257-80, sign. nn 4v-qqv. Headtitle] The Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. [Running-title] The Tragedie of Hamlet. [Acts and sec. marked to ii. 2.].

The scans of the Second Quarto of Hamlet were found at the archive.org site:
<https://archive.org/details/cu31924020325969>. Columbia University scanned this copy. There is no notice of copyright. This facsimile was published in 1880 as the second facsimile published in a long running series "Shakespeare-Quarto Facsimiles." This edition has editorial pagination.

E. K. Chambers in William Shakespeare A Study of Facts and Problems gives the following information in Volume 1. p. 408: [Q2. 1604.] The Tragical Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. [Nicholas Ling's device (McKerrow 301)] At London, Printed by J(ames) R(oberts) for N(icholas) L(ing) and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleet-street. I604. [Head-title, under ornament with royal arms, and Running-title] The Tragedie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. [In some copies the t.p. is dated 1605.]

Thomas Marc Parrott of Princeton University in 1934 wrote a short article about errors and omissions in this Facsimile. See Modern Language Notes [June 1934 Issue]1934-06: Volume 49, Issue 6. pp 376-379 This is available at the archive.org site:
https://archive.org/details/sim_mln_1934-06_49_6/page/376/mode/1up

THE
Tragical Historie of
HAMLET,
Prince of Denmark.

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much
againe as it was, according to the true and perfect
Coppie.



AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his
shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in
Fleetstreet. 1604.



THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Aetus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

Ho's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnsold your selfe.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed Francisco.

Fran. For this releefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold, And I am sicke at heart.

Barn. Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the Riuall of my Watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath reliu'd you?

Fra. Barnardo ha's my place: give you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla Barnardo.

Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?

Hor. A pecece of him.

Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. Horatio saies, 'tis but our Fantasie, And will not let beleefe take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs, Therefore I haue intreated him along With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night, That is againe this Apparition come, He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a-while, And let vs once againe assaile your eares, That are so fortisid against our Story, What we two Nights haue seene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe, And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.

Barn. Last night of all, When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole Had made his course t'illume that part of Heaven

Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe, The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, break thee of: Enter the Ghost. Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it Horatio.

Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it Horatio.

Hor. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder

Barn. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night, Together with that Faire and Warlike forme In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Barn. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay: speake; I Charge thee, speake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barn. How now Horatio? You tremble & look pale: Is not this something more then Fantasie? What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue Without the sensible and true auouch Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe, Such was the very Armour he had on, When th'Ambitious Norwey combatted: So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle He smot the sledded Polax on the Ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead houre, With Marciall stolke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not: But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion, This boastes some strange erruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch, So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land, And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre: Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke, What might be toward, that this sweaty hast Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day: Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

At



The Tragedie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Act I Sc.i

Barn.	VV	Hose there?	1
Franc.		Nayanswere me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe.	
Barn.		Long liue the King,	
Franc.		Barnardo.	4
Barn.		Hee.	
Franc.		You come most carefully vpon your houre,	
Barn.		Tis now strooke iwelfe, ger thee to bed Francisco,	
Franc.		For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,	8
		And I am sick at hart.	
Barn.		Haue you had quiet guard?	
Franc.		Not a niouse stirring.	10
Barn.		Well, good night:	
		If you doe meeete Horatio and Marcellus,	
		The riualls of my watch, bid them make hast.	13
		Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.	
Franc.		I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?	14
Hora.		Friends to this ground.	
Mar.		And Leedgemen to the Dane,	15
Franc.		Giue you good night.	
Mar.		O, farewell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?	16.17
Franc.		Barnardo hath my place; giue you good night.	17.18
		Exit Franc.	
		Mar.	
		B.	

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

Ho's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe.

Bar. Long liue the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed Francisco.

Fran. For this releefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Barn. Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet Horatio and
Marcellus, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath reliu'd you?

Fra. Barnardo ha's my place: giue you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

- 18 *Mar. Holla, Barnardo.*
Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?
Hora. A peece of him.
- 20 *Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus,*
Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue scene nothing.
- 24 *Mar. Horatio saies tis but our fantasie,*
And will not let beliefe take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.
- 28 *Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.*
Bar. Sit downe a while,
- 30 *And let vs once againe assaile your eares,*
That are so fortified against our story,
What we haue two nights seene.
- 32 *Hora. Well, sit we downe,*
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.
- 36 *Bar. Last night of all,*
When yond same starre that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illume that part of heauen
Where now it burns, Marcellus and my selfe
The bell then beating one.
- 40 *Enter Ghost.*
Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the same figure like the King that's dead.
- 44 *Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it Horatio.*
Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it Horatio.
Hora. Most like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
- 48 *Bar. It would be spoke to.*
Mar. Speake to it Horatio.
Hora. What art thou that usurpst this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.
- 52 *Mar. It is offended.*
Bar. See it staukes away.

Mar. Holla Barnardo.

Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?

Hor. A pcece of him.

Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I haue scene nothing.

Mar. Horatio saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice scene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That is againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe assaile your cares,
That are so fortisid against our Story,
What we two Nights haue scene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare Barnardo speake of this.

Barn. Last night of ali,
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole

Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of: Enter the Ghost.
Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it Horatio.

Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it Horatio.

Hor. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder.

Barn. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maistry of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.

Aler. It is offended.

Barn. See, it stalkes away.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hor. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.*

51

Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,

Is not this somthing more then phantasie?

What thinke you-ont?

Hor. Before my God I might not this belieue,

Without the sencible and true auouch

Of mine owne eies.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

58

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe.

60

Such was the very Armor he had on,

When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,

So frownd he once, when in an angry parle

He smot the sleaded pollax on the ice.

62

Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,

†

With martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.

66

Hor. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,

But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

70

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,

Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch

So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,

72

And with such dayly cost of brazon Cannon

†

And forraine marte, for implements of warre,

76

Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske

Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,

What might be toward that this sweaty hast

Dorth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,

Who ist that can informe mee?

Hor. That can I.

80

At least the whisper goes so ; our last King,

Whose image euен but now appear'd to vs,

Was as you knowe by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,

Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride

84

Dar'd to the combat ; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,

(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)

Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seald compact

Well ratified by lawe and heraldy

874

Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.
Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Larn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleue
Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th'Ambitious Norway combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sledged Polax on the Ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead houre,
With Martiall stolke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazen Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

At

At least the whisper goes so: Our lait King,
Whose Image eu'en but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulat^e Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

88+ Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands
 Which he stold seaz'd of, to the conquerour.
 90+ Against the which a moitie competent
 Was gaged by our King, which had returne
 To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
 + Had he bin vanquisher ; as by the same comart,
 And carriage of the article desfeigne,
 94 His fell to Hamlet ; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
 Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Normay* heere and there
 98 Sharkt vp a list of lawlellesse resolutes
 For foode and diet to some enterprise
 100 That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other
 As it doth well appeare vnto our state
 + But to recouer of vs by strong hand
 And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
 104 So by his father loft ; and this I take it,
 Is the maine motiue of our preparations
 The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
 Of this post hast and Romadge in the land.

108* *Bar.* I thinke it be no other, but enso ;
 * Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 110* Comes armed through our watch so like the King
 * That was and is the question of these warres.
 112* *Hora.* A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye :

* In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 * A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell
 * The graues stood tennatlesse, and the sheeted dead
 116* Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
 * As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
 * Disasters in the sunne ; and the moist starre,
 * Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,
 118* Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse.
 * And euen the like precurse of feare euent
 * As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
 * And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
 124* Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
 * Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stoo'd seiz'd on, to the Conqueror :
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King : which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Couenant
And carriage of the Article designe,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now sir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of vnimproved Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd vp a List of Landleſſe Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
That hath a Stomacke in't : which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recover of vs by strong hand
And termes Compulsatiue, those foresaid Lands
Soby his Father lost : and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motive of our Preparations,
The Sourse of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-halt, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghost againe.

"Ber. I thinke it be no other..." to "Vnto our Climatures and countrymen." Lines 108-124 omitted in the Folio.

Prince of Denmarke.

- But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
 Ile crosse it though it blast mee : stay illusion, *It spreads
If thou hast any found or vse of voyce, his armes.*
- 126
(mar*)
- Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
 That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,
 Speake to me.
- If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
 Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
 Ospeake :
- Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth
 For which they say your spirits oft walke in death. *The cocke
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it Marcellus. crowes.*
- 130
134
138
(mar*)
140+
- Mar.* Shall I strike it with my partizan?
Hor. Doe if it will not stand.
Bar. Tis heere.
Hor. Tis heere.
Mar. Tis gone.
- We doe it wrong being so Maiesticall
 To offer it the showe of violence,
 For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
 And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.
- 142
146
- Bar.* It was about to speake when the cock crewe.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
 Vpon a fearefull summons ; I haue heard,
 The Cock that is the trumpeter to the morne,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
 Awake the God of day, and at his warning
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
 Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine, and of the truth heerin
 This present obiect made probation.
- 150+
154
- Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
 Some say that euer gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Sauiuours birth is celebrated
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
 And then they say no spirit dare sturre abroade
 The nights are wholsome, then no plannets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme
- 158
160
+
163

But soft, behold: Lo, where it comes againe :
I lie crosse it, though it blast me. Stay illusion :
If thou hast any sound, or vise of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speak to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may avoyd) Oh speake.
Or, if thou hast vp-hoarded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan ?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Barn. 'Tis heere.

Hor. 'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so Maisticall
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearefull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Conaine. And of the truth heerein,
This present Obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Sauiours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Faery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:

The Tragedie of Hamlet

+ 164 So hallowed, and so gratiouis is that time.
Hora. So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,
 But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
 Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
 168 Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise
 Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
 170 Vnto young Hamlet, for vpon my life
 This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him :
 Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
 As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

174 Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
 Where we shall find him most conuenient. *Exeunt.*

*Florisb. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertradt he Queene,
 Counsaile as Polonus, and his Sonne Laertes,
 Hamlet, Cum Alijs.*

4 Claud. Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
 The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
 To beare our harts in grieve, and our whole Kingdome,
 To be contracted in one browe of woe
 Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him
 Together with remembrance of our selues:
 Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
 Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
 Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
 With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
 With mirth in funerall, and with dirdge in marriage,
 In equall scale waighing delight and dole
 Taken to wife : nor haue we heerein bard
 Your berrer wisdomes, which haue freely gone
 8 With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
 Now followes that you knowe young Fortinbrasse,
 Holding a weake supposall of our worth
 Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
 Our state to be disioynt, and out of frame
 Coleaguued with this dreame of his aduantage
 16 He hath not faild to pestur vs with message
 20
 22

So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part belieue it.
But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Eastaine Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto yong Hamlet. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him :
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty ?

Mur. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall finde him molt conueniently. Exeunt:

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queen,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister Ophelia, Lords Attendant.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene : and that it vs befitteth
To bear our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe :
Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our selues.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th' imperiell Ioyntresse of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funetall, and with Virge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife ; nor haue we heerein batt'd
Your better Wisedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young Fortinbras,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth ;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be disioynit, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage ;
He hath no: fayl'd to pester vs with Message,
Importing the surrender of those Lands

I.II.

Prince of Denmarke.

Importing the surrender of those lands Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe To our most valiant brother, so much for him :	23
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting, Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ	24†
To Norway Vnkle of young Fortenbraſſe Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares Of this his Nephewes purpose; to ſuppreſſe His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,	†
The lifts, and full proportions are all made Out of his ſubiect, and we heere diſpatch	28
You good Cornelius, and you Valtemand, For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,	30
Giuing to you no further peronall power To buſines with the King, more then the ſcope	34
Of theſe delated articles allowe :	38†
Fatwell, and let your haſt command your dutie.	38†
<i>Cor. Vn.</i> In that, and all things will we ſhowe our dutie.	40
<i>King.</i> We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.	
And now Laertes whats the newes with you ?	
You told vs of ſome ſure, what iſt Laertes ?	
You cannot ſpeakē of reaſon to the Dane	44
And loſe your voyce ; what woldſt thou begge Laertes ?	
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy asking,	
The head is not more natvie to the hart	
The hand more iſtrumentall to the mouth	48
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,	
What woldſt thou haue Laertes ?	
<i>Laer.</i> My dread Lord,	50
Your leauue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,	
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,	
To ſhowe my dutie in your Coronation ;	
Yet now I muſt confeffe, that duty done	54
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe toward Fraunce	
And bowe them to your gracious leauue and pardon.	
<i>King.</i> Haue you your fathers leauue, what ſaies Polonius ?	
<i>Polo.</i> Hath my Lord wroung from me my ſlowe leauue	
By laboursome petition, and at laſt	
Vpon his will I ſeald my hard conſent,	58 *
	60 *

Importing the surrender of those Lands
Lost by his Father : with all Bonds of Law
To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the busynesse is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to supprese
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,
The Lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect : and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To busynesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow :
Farewell, and let your hast commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you ?

You told vs of some suite. What is't *Laertes* ?
You cannes speake of Reason to the Dane,
And loose your voyce. What wouldst thou beg *Laertes*,
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking ?
The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What wouldst thou haue *Laertes* ?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leauie and fauour to returne to France. :
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leauie and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leauie ?
What fayres *Pollanins* ?

Poi. He hath my Lord :
I do beseech you giue him leauie to go.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

67 I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Lacries*, time be thine
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :

64 But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my sonne,

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

+
† 68 *Queene.* Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmark*,
70 Doe not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,
Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

74 *Queene.* If it be

VVhy seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
Nor customary suites of salembe blacke
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath
80 No, nor the fruitfull riuier in the eye,
Nor the dejected hauior of the vialge
Together with all formes, moodes, chapes of griefe
That can devote me truely, these indeede seeme,
84 For they are actions that a man might play
But I haue that within which passes shewe
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your father
But you must knowe your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound
90 In filiall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to perseuer
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornes, tis vnmanly griefe,
It showes a will most incorrect to heauen
A hart vnsfortified, or minde impatient
+ An vnderstanding simple and vnschoold
98 For what we knowe must be, and is as common

I do beseech you giue him leauie to go.

King. Take thy faire houre Laeries, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :
But now my Cousin Hamlet, and my Sonne ?

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you ?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet cast thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust ;
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that lues must dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be ;
Why seemes it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam ? Nay, it is : I know not Seemes :
'Tis not alone my Inkyn Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Customary habites of solemne Blacke,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuere in the Eye,
Nor the dejected hauicur of the Visage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme ;
For they are actions that a man might play :
But i haue that Within, which passeth shew ;
These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
In your Nature Hamlet,
To giue these mourning duties to your Father :
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father lost, lost his , and the Survivor bound
In filiall Obligation, for soime terme
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persever
In oblligate Condolement, is a course
Of impious Hebbornesse. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A Heart unfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderstanding simple, and vnscioyl'd :
For, what we know must be, and is as common

I.II.

Prince of Denmark.

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,	99
Why should we in our penish opposition	100
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,	
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,	
To reason most absurd, whose common theame	
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed	104
From the first course, till he that died to day	
This must be so : we pray you throw to earth	†
This vnpreeuailing woe, and thinke of vs	
As of a father, for let the world take note	108
You are the most imediate to our throne,	
And with no leffe nobilitie of loue	110
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,	
Doc I impart toward you for your intent	
In going back to schoole in <i>Wittenberg</i> .	
It is molt retrogard to our desire,	114
And we beseech you bend you to remaine	
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,	
Our chieffest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.	
<i>Quee.</i> Let not thy mother loose her prayers <i>Hamlet</i> ,	118
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to <i>Wittenberg</i> .	
<i>Ham.</i> I shall in all my best obay you Madam.	120
<i>King.</i> Whytis a louing and a faire reply,	
Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,	
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of <i>Hamlet</i>	
Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,	
No iocund health that Denmarke drinkest to day,	124
But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell.	
And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,	
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. <i>Florish.</i>	
<i>Ham.</i> O that this too too sallied flesh would melt,	128
Thaw and resolute it selfe into a dewe,	
Or that the euerlasting had not fixe	
His cannon gainst seale slaughter, ô God, God,	
How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable	
Seeme to me all the vyses of this world?	
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden	130
That growes to feede, things rancke and grose in nature,	
Possesse it merely that it should come thus	
C	<i>Exeunt all,</i> but <i>Hamlet.</i>
	† (mar.)
	134
	†
	137 †

But

As any the molt vulgar thing to fence,
Why should we in our pecuynish Opposition
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first Coarfe, till he that dyed to day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This vnpreeuyling woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the next immediate to our Throne,
And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,
Then that which dearest Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impaire towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
Herr in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayere *Hamlet*:
I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnsore'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No iocena health that Denmarke drinkest to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
And the Kings Roues, the Heauens shall bruite againe,
Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
Thaw, and resolute it selfe into a Dew:
Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and vnprefittable
Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
Fie an't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
Possesse it meereley. That it should come to this:

L.II.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

138 But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
140 Hiperion to a satire, so louing to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him
144 As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
148 Like Niobe all teares, why she
† O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vnkle,
† My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to Hercules, within a month,
154 Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes
She married, ô most wicked spedee; to post
With such dexteritie to iacephous sheets,
758 It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

160-1 *Hor.* Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good even sir)
But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enimie say so,
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence

To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in Elsonoure?
Weele teach you sor to drinke ere you depart.

But two months dead : Nay, not so much; nor two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperon to a Satyre : so loving to my Mother,
That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Must I remember : why she would hang on him,
As if encrease of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on ; and yet within a month ?
Let me not thinke on't : Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shones were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like Niobe, all teares. Why she, euen she.
(O Heaven ! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the salt of most vnrightheous Teares
Had lef the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets :
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.
Ham. I am glad to see you well :
Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.
Hor. The same my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.
Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you :
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

Mar-

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you: good euen Sir.
But what in faith make you from Wittenberge?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not haue your Enemy say so;
Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant :
But what is your affaire in Elsenow ?
Weel teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.

I.II.

Prince of Denmark.

- Hora.* My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall. 176
Ham. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe studient,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding. †
Hora. Indeede my Lord it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables, 180
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,
My father, me thinkes I see my father. 184
Hora. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.
Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all 188
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hora. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Ham. saw, who?
Hora. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. The King my father?
Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare till I may deliver 194
Vpon the witnes of these gentlemen
This maruile to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?
Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their warch 198
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at poynt, exactly *Capapea* 200
Appeares before them, and with soleinne march,
Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surprised eyes
Within his tronchions length, whil'st they distil'd 204
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me
In dreadfull secrerie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch, 208
Whereas they had delivered bothin time
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparision comes: I knewe your father,

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funeral.

Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer scene that day *Horatio*.
My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hor. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I shall not look vpon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? Who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare; till I may deliuere
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen,
This maruell to you.

Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
(*Marcus and Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus encountered. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
Appeares before them, and with sollemne march
Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,
By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd
Almost to Ielly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull secrecie in part they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliuerd both in time,
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:

I.II.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mor. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watch

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Mora. My Lord I did,

But answeare made it none, yet once me thought

It lifted vp it head, and did addresse

It selfe to motion like as it would speake :

But even then the morning Cock crewe loude,

And at the sound it shrank in hast away

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Mora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true

And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie

To let you knowe of it.

Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then sawe you not his face

Mora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Mora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Mora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Mora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Mora. It would haue much a maz'd you.

Ham. Very like, stayd it long?

Mora. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundredth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Mora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grisl'd, no.

Mora. It was as I haue seene it in his life

A sable siluer'd.

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But answere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
But even then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
And at the sound it shunke in hast away,
And vanish't from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As I doe live my honoerd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it wryt downe in our duty
To let you knowe of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to Night!

Both. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lord, from head to foote.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beeene there.

Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like: staid it long? (dred.

Hor. While one with moderate hast might tell a hup-

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grifly? no.

Hor. It was, as I haue license it in his life,

A Sable Siluer'd.

(gaine.

I.II.

Prince of Denmarke.

<i>Ham.</i> I will warch to nigh Perchaunce twill walke againe.	242
<i>Hor.</i> I warn't it will.	†
<i>Ham.</i> If it assayme my noble fathers person, Ile speake to it though hell it selfe shoule gape And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all If you haue hetherto conceald this fift Let it be tenable in your silence still, And what someuer els shall hap to night, Giuie it an vnderstanding but no tongue, I will requite your loues, so farre you well: Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue Ile visite you.	244
<i>All.</i> Our dutie to your honor. <i>Exeunt.</i>	248
<i>Ham.</i> Your loues, as mine to you, farwell. My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well, I doubt some soule play, would the night were come, Till then sit still my soule, foode deedes will rise Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes.	250
<i>Enter Laertes, and Ophelias Sister.</i>	254 †
<i>Laer.</i> My necessaries are inbarckt, farwell, And sister, as the winds giue benefit And conuay, in assistant doe not sleepe Bur let me heere from you.	I.iii.
<i>Oph.</i> Doe you doubt that?	258
<i>Laer.</i> For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fauour, Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood A Vicker in the youth of primy nature, Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting, The perfume and suppliance of a minute No more.	†
<i>Oph.</i> No more but so.	4
<i>Laer.</i> Thinke it no more.	8
For nature crescent does not growe alone In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes The inward seruice of the minde and soule Growes wide withall, perhaps he loues you now, And now no soyle nor cautell doth beswirch The vertue of his will, but y ^e ou must feare,	10
<i>C. 2</i>	72 †
	76 †

II.

A Sable Siluer'd. (gaine.

Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-
Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person,
Ile speake to it, though Hell it selte should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto conceald this sight;
Let it bee treble in your silence still:
And whatsoeuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loues; so, fare ye well:
Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile visite you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'rewhelm them to mens ries. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are imbarke't; Farewell:
And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,
And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,
But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Foward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
The suppliancē of a minute? No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Thinkēt no more:
For nature creſſant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you must seafe

I.III.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

17 His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
 He may not as vnualewed persons doe,
 Carue for himselfe, for on his choise depends
 The safty and health of this whole state,
 And therefore must his choise be circumscribd
 Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
 Whereof he is the head, then if he faies he loues you,
 It fits your widsome so farre to belieue it
 As he in his particular act and place
 May giue his saying deede, which is no further
 Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
 Then way what losse your honor may sustaine
 If with too credent eare you list his songs
 Or loose your hart, or your chast treasure open
 To his vnmastryed importunity.

† 34 Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
 And keepe you in the reare of your affection
 Out of the shot and danger of desire,
 " The chariest maide is prodigall inough
 Ifshe vnmaske her butie to the Moone
 " Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
 " The canker gaules the infants of the spring
 Too oft before their buttons be discloſ'd,
 And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
 Contagious blastmenrs are most imminent,
 Bewary then, best safety lies in feare,
 Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
 As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
 Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
 Showe me the step and thorny way to heaven
 Whiles a pust, and reckles libertine
 Himselfe the primrose path of daliencie treads.
 And reakes not his owne reed.

Enter Polonius.

Luer. O feare me not,
 I stay too long, but heere my father comes
 A double blessing, is a double grace,
 Occasion smiles vpon a second leave.

Pol. Yet heere *Lantes*; a bord a bord for shame,

His greatnessse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnuallued persons doe,
Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends
The sanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,
It fits your wisedome so farre to beleue it;
As he in his peculiar Seet and force
May giue his saying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasure open
To his vnmasterd opportunity.
Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare Sister,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,
If she vnmaketh her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Ophe. I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,
Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilst like a pust and recklesse Libertine
Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Larr. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles vpon a second leauue.

Polon. Yet heere Laertes? Aboord, aboord for shame,

Prince of Denmarke.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,	56
And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,	+
And these fewe precepts in thy memory	
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,	
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,	60
Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,	
Those friends thou hast, and their a doprion tried,	+
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of steele,	+
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment	64
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage, beware	
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,	+
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,	
Giue euery man thy care, but fewe thy voyce,	68
Take each mans censure, but reserue thy judgement,	
Costly thy habite as thy purse can by,	70
But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,	
For the apparrell oft proclaines the man	
And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,	
Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that :	74
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,	
For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,	
And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry;	+
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true	78
And it must followe as the night the day	
Thou canst not then be false to any man :	80
Farwell, my bleſſing season this in thee.	
<i>Laer.</i> Most humbly doe I take my leauue my Lord.	
<i>Pol.</i> The time inuests you goe, your seruants tend.	84
<i>Laer.</i> Farwell <i>Ophelia</i> , and remember well.	
What I haue sayd to you.	
<i>Ophe.</i> Tis in my memory lockt	
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.	
<i>Laer.</i> Farwell. <i>Exit Laertes.</i>	
<i>Pol.</i> What ist <i>Ophelia</i> he hath sayd to you?	88
<i>Ophe.</i> So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.	
<i>Pol.</i> Marry well bethought	90
Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late	
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe	
Hauē of your audience beene most free and bountious,	93

The windē sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
And these few Precepts ir thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnpportion'd thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnhatch't, vnfiedg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarell: but being in
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
Giue every man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans censure; but reserve thy iudgement:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
But not exprest in fancie; rich,not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaines the man.
And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most secrete and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loseth both it selfe and friend:
And borrowing dely the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leauie, my Lord.

Polon. The time invites you, goe, your seruants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Exit Laer.

Polon. What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, somthing touching the L. *Hamlet*.

Polon. Marry, well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as so tis put on me;

The Tragedie of Hamlet

- 94 If it be so, as so tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
 You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
 As it behoues my daughter, and your honor,
 What is betweene you give me vp the truth,
- 98 *Ophe.* He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.
- 100 *Pol.* Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle
 Vnsifted in such perillous circumstance,
 Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them ?
- 104 *Ophe.* I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.
- 108 *Pol.* Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie
 That you haue tane these tenders for true pay
 Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearely
 Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase
 Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.
- 110 *Ophe.* My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
 In honorable fashion.
- 114 *Pol.* I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.
 + *Ophe.* And hath giuen countenance to his speech
 My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.
- 118 *Pol.* I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
 When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
 Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
 Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
 Euen in their promise, as it is a making
- +120 You must not take for fire, from this time
 Besomething scanter of your maiden presence
 Set your intreatments at a higher rate
 Then a commaund to parle ; for Lord *Hamlet*,
- 124 Belieue so much in him that he is young,
 And with a larger riper may he walke
 Then may be giuen you : in fewe *Ophelia*,
 Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
- +128 Not of that die which their inuestments shewe
 But meere imploratotors of vnholie suites
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
 The better to beguilde : this is for all,
- 130 I would not in plaine termes from this time foorth

If it be so, as so tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girkle,
Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance.
Doe you beleue his renders, as you call them?

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I shoulde thinke.

Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not Starling. Tender your selfe more dearely;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
In honourable fashion.

Polon. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heaven.

Polon. I. Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promise, as it is a making;
You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be somewhat scanner of your Maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inuestments show:
But meere implorators of vnholie Sutes,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,

Prince of Denmark.

Haue you so flauder any moment leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.
Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. **Exeunt.**

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+ l. iv.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What houre now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelfe.

Mary. No, it is strooke.

Hora. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A florish of trumpets*
 What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goes of.*

4

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Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowse.
 Keepes wassell and the swagging vp-spring reeles :
 And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,
 The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

8

Hora. Is it a custome?

12

Ham. I marry ist,
 But to my minde, though I am natvie heere
 And to the manner borne, it is a custome
 More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance
 This heauy headed reueale east and west
 Makes vs tradust, and taxed of other nations,
 They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phrase
 Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
 From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
 The pith and marrow of our attribute,
 So oft it chaunces in particular men,
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them
 As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
 (Since nature cannot chooſe his origin)
 By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
 Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
 Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens
 The forme of plausive manners, that these men
 Carrying I say the stamp of one defect

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Hauc you so slander any moment leisure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.

Opbe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hower now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.

Afar. No, it is strooke. (*season,*

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
Wherin the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What does this meane my Lord? (*rouse,*

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes wassels and the swaggeting vpspring teales,
And as he d:aines his draughtes of Ren:ish downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist;
And to my mind, though I am native heere,
And to the manner bo:ne: It is a Custome
More honou:rd in the breach, then the obseruance.

Enter Ghost.

"This heavy headed reueale east and west" to "to his own scandle"
are omitted in the Folio.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

*32 Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
 * His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
 * As infinite as man may vndergoe,
 * Shall in the generall censure take corruption
 *36 From that particuler fault : the dram of eale
 * Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
 * To his owne scandle.

Enter Ghost.

38 *Hora.* Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of gracie defend vs :
 40 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
 + Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 44 That I will speake to thee; Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
 King, father, royall Dane, & answe mee,
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
 48 Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
 50 Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
 To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
 That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele
 Reuisites thus the glimses of the Moone,
 Making night hideous, and we sooles of nature
 54 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
 Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Beckins.

58 *Hora.* It beckins you to goe away with it
 As if it some impartiment did desire
 To you alone.

60 *Mar.* Looke with what curteous action
 It waues you to a more remoued ground,
 But doe not goe with it.

62 *Hora.* No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will followe it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

64 *Ham.* Why what should be the feare,
 I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:

Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin dam'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blis's from Hell,
Bethy events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shpe
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane : Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance ; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones hearsed in death,
Hau'e burst their cementes, why the Sepulcher
Wherin we saw thee quietly entom'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To call thee vp againe? What may this meape?
That thou dead Ceare againe in compleat steele,
Reuises thus the glumpses of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horrifidly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; taches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

Ghost breakes Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impertinent did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more remoued ground :
But doe not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake: then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the feare?
I doe not set my life at a pins fee;

Prince of Denmark

And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe ;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my
Or to the dreadfull somner of the cleefe
That bettles ore his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrable forme
Which might deprive your soueraigntie of reason,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into every braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it roar beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord,
Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each peiry arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue ;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,

I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hora. He waxes desperate with imagion.

Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what issue will this come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

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I.v.

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Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further,
Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come

When I to sulphurus and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it selfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horible forme,
Which might deceipte your Soueraignty of Reason,
And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?

Ham. It wafts me still : goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shal not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall no: goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nenian Lions ne're :
Still am I cal'd? Unhand me Gentlemen :
By Heau'ne, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me :
I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet. (ther.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speake; Ile go no fur-

Gho. Marke me

Ham. I will.

Gho. My hower is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render up my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

I.v.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ghoſt. Pitty me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall vnsold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Ghoſt. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt hear

Ham. What?

Ghoſt. I am thy fathers ſpirit,

Doomd for a certayne tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my paſon house,
I could a tale vnofolde whose lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particuler haire to ſtand an end,
Like quils vpon the fearefull Porpentine,
But this eternall blazon muſt not be
To eares of flesh and blood, liſt, liſt, ô liſt:
If thou diſt euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghoſt. Reuenge his foule, and moſt vnnaturall muſther.

Ham. Muſther.

Ghoſt. Muſther moſt foule, as in the beſt it iſ,
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnnaturall.

Ham. Haſt me to know'r, that I with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May ſweepe to my reuenge.

Ghoſt. I find thee apr,
And duller ſhouldſt thou be then the fat weedē
That rootes it ſelfe in eaſe on Lethe wharffe,
Wouldſt thou not ſturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen ou, that ſleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me, ſo the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Ranckely abuſe: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life
Now weares his Croune.

Ham. O my propheticke ſoule! my Vnkle!

Gho. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prison-House;
I could a Tale vnfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Poipentine:
But this eternall blasen must not be
To cares of flesh and bloud; list *Hamlet*, oh liq,
If thou didst ever thy deere Father loue.

Ham. Oh Heauen!

Gho. Revenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghoft. Murther most foule, as in the best it is;
But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall.

Ham. Haſt haſt me to know it,

I haſt with wings as ſwift

As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May ſweepe to my Revenge.

Ghoft. I finde thee apt,
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the fat weedē
That rots it ſelfe in eaſe, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'ſt thou no; ſtirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's giuen out, that ſleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me: ſo the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Prophetickē ſoule: mine Vnkle?

Prince of Denmarke.

<i>Ghost.</i> I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,	42
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,	+
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power	+
So ro seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust	
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;	46
O Hamlet, whar falling off was there	
From me whose loue was of that dignitie	
That it went hand in hand, euен with the vowe	
I made to her in mariage, and to decline	50
Vppon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,	
To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,	
Though lewdnesse court it in a shafe of heauen	54
So but though to a radiant Angle lunkt,	
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed	
And pray on garbage.	+
But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre,	58
Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,	
My custome alwayes of the afternoone,	60+
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vnkle stole	
With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,	
And in the porches of my eares did poure	
The leaprous distilment, whose effect	64
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,	
That swift as quicksiluer it courses through	
The naturall gates and allies of the body,	
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse	68+
And curde like eager droppings into milke,	
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,	
And a most instant tetter barckt about	70
Most Lazerlike with vyle and lothsome crust	
All my smooth body.	+
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,	74
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,	
Cut off euен in the blossomes of my sinne,	
Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnanued,	
No reckning made, but sent to my account	78
Withall my imperfections on my head,	
O horrible, ô horrible, most horrible.	
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,	82

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts,
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to seduce? Won to to this shamefull Lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queen:
Oh Hamlet, what a faliing of^e was there,
From me, whose loue was of that dignitie,
That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and so decline
Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine. But Virtue, as it never wil be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shope of Heauen:
So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will late it selfe in a Celestiall bed, & prey on Garbage.

O o

But

But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayte;
Briefe let me be : Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My custome alwayes in the afternoone;
Upon my secure hower thy Uncle stole
With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eates did poure
The leaperous Distil'men; whose effect
Holds such an enmyt with bloud of Man,
That swift as Quicke-Siluer, it courses through
The naturall Gates and Alies of the Body;
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholfe me bloud: so did it mine;
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Mou Lazar-like, with vyle and loathsome crust,
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;
Cut off even in the blossomes of my Sinne,
Unhouzzled, disappointed, vnaneld,
No reckoning made, but tent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible Oh horrible, most horrible:
If thou haft nature in the beare it not;

I.v.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Let not the roiall bed of Denmarke be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
 Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contrive
 Against thy mother ought, leauue her to heauen,
 And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
 To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,
 The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
 And gines to pale his vneffectuall fire,
 Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen, ô earth, what els,
 And shall I couple hell, ô fie, hold, hold my hart,
 And you my sinnowes, growe not instant old,
 But beare me swifly vp; remember thee,
 I thow poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
 In this distracte globe, remember thee,
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 Ile wipe away all triuall fond records,
 All sawes of booke, all formes, all pressures past
 That youth and obseruation coppied there,
 And thy comandement all alone shall liue,
 Within the booke and volume of my braine
 Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen,
 O most pernicious woman.
 O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
 My tables, meet it is I set it downe
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
 At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
 So Vnkle, there you are, now to my word,
 It is adew, adew, remember me.
 I haue sworne't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hora. Heauen's secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy-come, and come.

Mar.

Let not the Reyall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest,
But howsoeuer thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy mind ; nor let thy Soule contrive
Against thy Mother ought; leauie her to heauen ,
And to those Thornes that in her bosome loode,
To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme shewes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pole his vesseffuall Fire:
Adue,adue, Ham'let : remember me. *Exit.*

Ham Oh all you host of Heaven ! Oh Earth whatels ?
And shall I couple Hell ? Oh fie : hold my heart;
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
But beare me stiffeley vp : Remember thee ?
I, thou poore Ghost , while memory holds a seate
In this distracte Globe : Remember thee ?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,
That youth and obseruation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall haue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heauen :
Oh most pernicious woman !
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine !
My Tables, my Tablets; meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke ;
So Vnkle there you are : now to my word;
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me : I haue sworn't.

Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord,

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Ham'let.

Hor. Heauen secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Hor. Illo, ho,ho, my Lord.

Ham. Illo, ho,ho,boys come bird,come.

Mar. Illo, ho,ho,boys come bird,come.

I.i.

*Prince of Denmark.**Mur.* How i'ſt my noble Lord?

117

Hora. What newes my Lord?*Ham.* O, wonderfull.

118

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.*Ham.* No, you will reueale it.*Hora.* Not I my Lord by heauen.

120

Mur. Nor I my Lord.*Ham.* How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,

But you'le be secret.

122†

Booth. I by heauen.*Ham.* There's never a villaine,

Dwelling in all Denmarke

124

But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hora. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue

To tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,

128

And so without more circumstance at all

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,

130

You, as your busines and desire shall poynt you,

For euery man hath busines and desire

132

Such as it is, and for my owne poore part

I will goe pray.

†

Hora. These are but wilde and whuling words my Lord.*Ham.* I am sorry they offend you hartily,

134

Yes faith hartily.

Hora. There's no offence my Lord.

†

Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is *Horatio*,

136

And much offence to, touching this vision heere,

It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,

138

For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs

Oremastrer as you may, and now good friends,

140

As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,

Give me one poore request.

Hora. What i'ſt my Lord, we will.

142

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue ſene to night.*Booth.* My Lord we will not.

144

Ham. Nay but ſwear't.*Hora.* In faith my Lord not I.

146

Mur. Nor I my Lord in faith.*Ham.*

Mar. How ist my Noble Lord?

Hor. What newes, my Lord?

Ham. Oh wonderfull!

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'l reueale it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord. (think it?)

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
But you'l be secret?

Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'ch' right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your busines and desires shall point you:
For every man ha's busynesse and desire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patricke, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
Or remaster't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Give me one poore request.

Hor. What ist my Lord? we will.

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but I swear't.

Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.

Both. Yea, in fauor of our Lord.

I.v.

*The Tragedie of Hamlet**Ham.* Vpon my sword.*Mar.* We haue sworne my Lord already.*Ham.* Indeede vpon my sword, indeed.*Ghost* cries under the Stage.*Ghost.* Sweare.*Ham.* Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there trupenny?

Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,

Consent to sweare.

Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.*Ham.* Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene
Sweare by my sword.*Ghost.* Sweare.*Ham.* ~~Hiſt, & vbiq[ue]~~, then weele ſhift our ground :

Come hether Gentlemen

And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

Sweare by my sword

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Sweare by his ſword.*Ham.* Wellſayd olde Mole, canſt worke it'h earth ſo fast,
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.*Hora.* O day and night, but this is wondrouſ ſtrange.*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*

Then are dream't of in your philofophie, but come

Heere as before, neuer ſo helpe you mercy,

(How ſtrange or odde ſo mere I beare my ſelfe,

As I perchance heereafter ſhall thinke meet,

To put an Anticke diſpoſition on

That you at ſuch times ſeeing me, neuer ſhall

With armes incombed thus, or this head ſhake,

Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull phrase,

As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,

Or if we liſt to ſpeake, or there be and if they might,

Or ſuch ambiguo[u]is giving ou, to note)

That you knowe ought of me, this doe ſweare,

So grace and mercy at your moſt neede helpe you.

Ghost. Sweare.*Ham.* Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit : ſo Gentlemen,

Withall my loue I doe command me to you

183

Ham. Vpon my sword.

Marcell. We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, vpon my sword. Indeed.

Gho. Swear. *Ghost cries under the Stage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-penny? Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge
Content to sweare.

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to speake of this that you haue seene.
Sweare by my sword.

Gho. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* Then wee'l shift for grownd,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Never to speake of this that you haue heard:
Sweare by my sword.

Gho. Swear.

(faſt?)

Ham. Well laid old Mole, can't worke i'th' ground so
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,
Then are dreamt of in our Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, never so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;
(As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on :)
That you at such time seeing me, never shall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,

That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your. most neede help e you :
Sweare.

Gho. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: So Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;

Prince of Denmarke.

And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to yon
God willing shall not lack, let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, ô cursed spight
That euer I was borne to set it right.

Nay come, lets goe together. Exeunt.

185

188

191

II.i.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this money, and these notes Reynaldo.

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe meruiles wisely good Reynaldo,
Before you vistite him, to make inquire
Of his behauour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encompasment, and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticular demands will tuch it,
Take you as twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this Reynaldo?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y'f be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Adicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heede of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.
Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him,
Pol. Faythas you may season it in the charge,

8

10

4†

18

20

24

+28

E.

You

With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe t'expressis his loue and friending to you;
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe intogther,
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of roynt: Oh cursed spight,
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay, come let's goe together. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynaldo.

Polon. Give him his money, and theſt notes *Reynaldo*.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You ſhall doe māuels wiſely: good *Reynaldo*,
Before you viſite him you make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well ſaiſt;
Very well laid. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me ſiſt whet Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who: what meaneſs; and where they keepe:
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompaſſement and drift of question,
That they doe know my ſonne: Come you more neare:
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Reynol. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may ſay not well;
But if I be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
Addled so and ſo; and there put on him
What forgeries you please: marry, none ſo ranke,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and vſuall ſlips,
As are Compagnions noted and moſt knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, ſencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing. You may goe ſo farre.

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;

II.i.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

You must not put another scandell on him,
 That he is open to incontioencie,
 That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quenitly
 That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
 The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
 A saugenes in vnreclaimed blood,
 Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore shouldest thou doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, hear'st my drift,

And I believe it is a fetch of wit,
 You laying these slight fallies on my sonne
 As it were a thing a little soyl'd with working,
 Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would sound
 Hauing euer seene in the prenominate crimes
 The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd
 He closes with you in this consequence,
 Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,
 According to the phrase, or the addistion
 Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?
 By the masse I was about to say something,
 Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
 He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
 I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,
 Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
 There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
 There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
 I saw him enter such a house of sale,
 Videlizet, a brothell, or so foorth, see you now,
 Your bait of falsehood take this carpe of truth,
 And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,
 With windlesses, and with assaies of bias,
 By indirections find directions out,
 So by my former lecture and advise

Shall

You must not put another scandal on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taunts of liberty;
The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A sauagenes in vntreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.

Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working: (sound,
Marke you your party in converse; him you would
Having euer scene. In the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breath of guilty, be attur'd
He closes with you in this consequence: Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phrase and the Additions,
Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this? He does: what was I about to say?
I was about to say somthing: where did I leave?

Reynol. At closes in the consequence: At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterdy, or tother day;
Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Roule;
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of saile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;
Your bait of falsehood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wisedome and of reach
With windlessnes, and with assies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and advice

II.i.

Prince of Denmarke.

Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

68

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.

70

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

73

Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

74

Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beeene so affrighted,

†

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

†

Oph. My Lord, as I was sowing in my clofset,

78

Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vobrac'd,

No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,

80

Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other.

And with a looke so pittious in purport

As if he had been loosed out of hell

84

To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

86

Oph. My lord I doe not know,

But truly I doe feare it.

88

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard,

90

Then goes he to the length of all his arme,

And with his other hand thus ore his brow,

He falls to such perusall of my face

As a would draw it, long stayd he so,

At last, a little shaking of mine arme,

And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,

94

He raisd a sigh so pittious and profound

As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,

And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,

And with his head ouer his shoulder turn'd

†

Hee seem'd to find his way without his eyes,

For out adoores he went without theyr helps,

98

And to the last bended their light on me.

†

E 2

Pol.

Shall you my Sonnes; you haue me, haue you not?

Reynol. My Lord I haue.

Polon. God buy you; far by you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Reynol. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him pleye his Musickē.

Reynol. Well, my Lord. Exit.

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:

How now Ophelia, what's the matter?

Ophe. Alas my Lord, I haue beeene so affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all vnbraç'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Vogartred, and downe gived to his Ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pitious in purpost,
As if he had been loose & out of hell,
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Loue?

Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What said he?

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to such perusall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stand he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rais'd a sigh, so pitious and profound,
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his Shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the last, bended their light on me.

II.1

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,
 This is the very extacie of loue,
 Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe,
 And leades the will to desperat vndertakings
 As oft as any passions vnder heauen
 That dooes afflict our natures : I am sorry,
 What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late ?

Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
 I did repell his letters, and denied
 His accessse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement
 I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
 And meant to wrack thee, but beshrow my Icloufie :
 By heauen it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion ; come, goe we to the King,
 This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
 More griefe to hide, then hate to ytter loue,
 Come. Exeunt.

II.ii.

Floris, Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and
 Guyldenslerne.*

King. Welcome deere Rosencraus, and Guyldenslerne,
 Morecouver, that we much did long to see you,
 The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
 Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
 Of Hamlets transformation, so call it,
 Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was, what it shold be,
 More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
 So much from th'understanding of himselfe
 I cannot dreame of : I entreate you both
 That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
 And sith so nabored to his youth and hauior,
 That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court
 Some little time, so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extasie of Loue,
Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,
And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Nature. I am sorrie,
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophelia. No my good Lord : but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
His accessse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
And meant to wracke thee : but beshrew my iealousie :
It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
To c: ft beyond our selues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger sort
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
This must be knowne, v^e being kept close might moue
More greefe to hide, then hate to utter loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*E. ter King, Queene, Rosinbrane, and Guilden-
sternes Cumilijs.*

King. Welcome deere Rosinrance and Guildensterne.
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke
Our hasty sending. Something haue you heard
Of Hamlets transformation : so I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reiembles that it was. What it shold bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'understanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him :
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest liere in our Court
Some little time : so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

Prince of Denmark.

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs ynknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lyes within our remedie.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there is not liuing
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with vs awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rof. Both your Maiesties
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into commaund
Then to entreatie.

Guy. But we both obey.
And heere giue vp our selues in the full bent,
To lay our seruicc freely at your feete
To be commaunded.

King. Thanks Rosencraus, and gentle Guyldensterne.

Quee. Thanks Guyldensterne, and gentle Rosencrans.
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guy. Heauen make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I Amen.

Exeunt Rof. and Guyld.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from Norway my good Lord,
Are iofully returnd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
I hold my dutie as I hold my soule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vs'd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of Hamlets lunacie;

King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.

E.2

Pol.

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So much as from Occasions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qz. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And I ture I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew vs so much Gentle, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receive such thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosin. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

Gnd. We both obey,
And here give vp our selves, in the full bent,
To lay out Scorne, fiscly at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thankes Rosincrance, and gentle Gildensterne.

Qz. Thankes Guildersterne and gentle Rosincrance.
And I beseech you iustly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go some of ye,

And bring the Gentleman where Hamlet is.

Guit. Heauens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Ambassadors from Norwey, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.

Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or else this braise of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found
The very cause of Hamlets Lunacie.

King. Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

II.ii.

I he L rageate of tñamet

51 Pol. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.

+ King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
+ 54 He tells me my deere *Gerrard* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our hastie mariage.

Enter Embassadors.

+ 58 King. Well, we shall sift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Normay*?

60 Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Upon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His Nephews levies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation against the *Pollacke*,

64 But better looke into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat greeu'd
That so his sicknes, age, and impotence

Was fassly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeys,

68 Recceives rebuke from *Normay*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vnkle never more

70 To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old *Normay* ouercome with ioy,

74 Giues him threescore thousand crownes in annuall fee.
And his commission to imploy those souldiers

78 So levied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreatie heerin further shone,

That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise

On such regards of safety and allowance

As therin are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
80 And at our more considered time, wee'll read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
84 Goe to your rest, at night wee'll feast together,
Most welcome home. *Exeunt Embassadors.*

Pol. This busines is well ended.

My

Pol. Give first admittance to th' Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

King. Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and sourse of all your Sonnes distemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall fist him. Welcome good Frends:
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norwey?

Volt. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak :
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeued,
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Iortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeys,
Receiuers rebuke from Norwey: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Uncle, never more
To give th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie.
Whereon old Norwey, ouercome with ioy,
Gives him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commission to employ those Soldiers
So leuied as before, against the Poleak :
With an intreaty hecnein farther shewne,
That it might please you to give quiet passe
Through your Dom. inions, for his Enterprize,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As there'n are set downe.

King. It likes vs well:
And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
Answer, and thinke vpon thi' Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your rest, at night wee'l feast together.
Most welcome home.

Exit Ambass.

Pol. This businesse is very well ended.

Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
 What maiestie should be, what dutie is,
 Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,
 Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,
 And tediousnes the lytumes and outward florishes,
 I will be briefe, your noble sonne is mad :
 Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
 What ist but to be nothing els but mad,
 But let that goe.

86

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Quee. More matter with lesse art.
Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
 That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty,
 And pitty tis tis true, a foolish figure,
 But farewell it, for I will vse no art,
 Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines
 That we find out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
 For this effect defective comes by cause :
 Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus
 Perpend,
 I have a daughter, haue while she is mine,
 Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
 Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

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To the Celestiall and my soules Idol, the most beau-
tified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,
beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in
her excellent white boosome, these &c.

112

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

115

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,
 Doubt thou the starres are fire, Letter.
 Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
 Doubt truth to be a lyer,
 But neuer doubt I lone.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to recken
 my grones, but that I loue thee best, ô most best belieue it, adew.

119

Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

121

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shoun me, (*Hamlet.*)
 And more about hath his solicitings

†726

As

My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Majestic should be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day ; night, night ; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time.
Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tediousnesse, the Jin bes and outward flourishes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad :
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with lessie Art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I vsen no Art at all :
That he is mad, 'tis true : 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true : A foolish figure,
But farewell it : for I will vsen no Art.

Mad let vs grant him then : and now remaines
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect ;
For this effect defective, comes by cause,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter : haue, whil'st she is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this : now gather, and surmise.

The Letter.

To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia.

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, . beautified is a vilde
Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellenc white
bosome, these.

Qu. Came this from Hamlet to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.
Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue :
Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
But never Doubt, I loue.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to
reckon my groanes; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best be-
lieue it. *Adieu.*

*Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this
Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
And more above hat is his soliciting,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

127 As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

130 *Pol.* I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,

As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)

134 Before my daughter told me, what might you,

Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,

If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,

Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,

Or lookt vpon this loue with idle sight,

What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,

140 And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy star,

This must not be: and then I prescripts gave her

That she should locke her selfe from her resort,

144 Admit no messengers, receiveu no tokens,

Which done, she tooke the fruites of my advise:

And he repell'd, a short tale to make,

Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,

148 Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,

Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,

150 Into the madnes wherein now he raues,

And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may be very like.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,

154 That I haue positiuely said, tis so,

When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;

If circumstances leade me, I will finde

158 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede

Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

As they fel out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All given to mine ease.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. I see a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I wold faine proue so. But what might you think?
When i had seene this hor' loue on the wing,

As I perceiued it, I must tell you that

Before my Daughter told me what might you

Or my deere Maistrie your Queene heere, think,

If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,

Or lock'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,

What might you think? No, I went round to worke,

And (my yong Mistis) thus I did bespeak

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy Statte,

This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,

That she should locke her selfe from his Retort,

Admit no Messengers, receiu no Tekens:

Whiche done, she tooke the Fruites of my Advice,

And he repulsed A short Tale to make,

Tell into a Sarf esse, then into a Fast,

Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,

Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension

Into the Madnesse whereon now he raves,

And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I defain know that,
That I haue possitively said, 'tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How my we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere

In the Lobby.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. So he dooes indeede.

Pol. At such a time, Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason faine thereto
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile bord him presently, oh give me leaue,
How dooes my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I sir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the sunne breedē maggots in a dead dogge , being a
good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter , yet hee
knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,
and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for loue, very
neere this . Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my
Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

Ham. Slaunders sir; for the fatericall rogue fayes heere, that old
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plen-

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Qn. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At such a time I le loose my Daughter to him,
Beyou and I behinde an Arres then,
Marke the encounter : If he loue her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon ;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qn. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,
Ile boord him presently. *Exit King & Queen.*
Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord ?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well : y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord ?

Ham. I sit, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee
one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
being a good kissing Carrion——
Haue you a daughter ?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th'Sunne : Conception is a
blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend
looke too't.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daugher :
yet he knew me not at first ; he said I was a fishmonger :
he is farre gone, farre gone : and truly in my youth,
I suffered much extreamity for lene : very neare this. I
speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord ?

Ham. Betweene who ?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir : for the Satyricall slave saies here,
that old men haue gray Beards ; that their faces are wrinckled ;
their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree
Gummie : and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

202 + tisfull lacke of wit , together with most weake hams , all which sir
though I most powerfully and potentlie belieue , yet I hold it not
honestly to haue it thus set downe , for your selfe sir shall growe old
as I am : if like a Crab you could goe backward .

206 + Pol. Though this be madnesse , yet there is method in 't , will you
walke out of the ayre my Lord ?

210 Ham. Into my graue .

218 > Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre ; how pregnant sometimes
+ his replies are , a happines that often madnesse hits on , which reason
and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of . I will leaue
him and my daughter . My Lord , I will take my leaue of you .

+ Ham. You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more
willingly part withall : except my life , except my life , except my
life .

Enter Guyldesferne , and Rosencraus .

222 Pol. Fare you well my Lord .

Ham. These tedious old fooles .

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet , there he is .

Rof. God sauе you sir .

Guyl. My honor'd Lord .

Rof. My most deere Lord .

Ham. My extant good friends , how dooſt thou Guyldesferne ?
A Rosencraus , good lads how doe you both ?

Rof. As the indifferent children of the earth .

Guyl. Happy , in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap .
We are not the very button .

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe .

Rof. Neither my Lord .

Ham. Then you liue about her wast , or in the middle of her fa-

Guyl. Faith her priuates we . (uors .

Ham. In the ſecret parts of Fortune , oh moſt true , ſhe is a ſtrumpet ,
What newes ?

Rof. None my Lord , but the worlds growne honest .

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere , but your newes is not true ;
But in the beaten way of friendſhip , what make you at Elſonoure ?

Rof. To visit you my Lord , no other occaſion .

Ham. Begger that I am , I am euer poore in thankes , but I thanke
you , and ſure deare friends , my thankes are too deare a halfpenny :
were you not ſent for ? is it your owne inclining ? is it a free visitati-
on ? come , come , deale iuſtly with me , come , come , nay ſpeakē .

Guyl. What ſhould we ſay my Lord ?

Gumme : and that they haue a plenisfull locke et Wit,
together with weake Planimes. All which Sir, though I
most powerfully, and potently beleue ; yet I holue it
not honestie to haue it thus set downe : For you your
selfe Sir, shoulde be old as I am, if like a Crab you could
go backward.

Fol. Though this be madnesse,
Yet there is Method in't : will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Graue?

Fol. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre :
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are ?

A happiness,
That often Madnesse hits on,
Which Reason and Sanicie could not
So prosperously be deliu'r'd of.

I will leauue him,
And sodainely contrive the meanes of meeting
Betwene him, and my daughter.

My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leauue of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I
will more willingly part withall, except my life, my
life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord Hamlet ; there
hee is.

Enter Rosinck and Guildenstern.

Rosin. God saue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord ?

Rosin. My most deare Lord ?

Ham. My excellent good friends ? How do'st thou
Guildenstern ? Oh, Rosinck ; good Lad : How doe ye
both ?

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy : on For-
tunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo ?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waste, or in the mid-
dle of her fauour ?

Guild. Faith, her priuates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune ? Oh, most true :
She is a Strumpet. What the newes ?

Rosin. None my Lord ; but that the World's growne
honest.

Ham. Then is Doomesday neere : But your newes is
not true. Let me question more in particular : what haue
you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune,
that she sends you to Prison hither ?

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Any thing but to th purpose : you were sent for, and there is
a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties haue not
crafft enough to culour, I know the good King and Queene haue
sent for you.

Rof. To what end my Lord ?

Ham. That you must teach me : but let me coniure you, by the
rights of our fellowship , by the consonancie of our youth , by the
obligation of our euer preferued loue; and by what more deare a
better proposer can charge you withall ; bee euen and direct with
me whether you were sent for or no.

Rof. What say you.

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you : if you loue me hold not of.

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why , so shall my anticipation preuent your
discovery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no fea-
ther, I haue of late , but wherefore I knowe nor, lost all my mirth,
forgon all custome of exercises: and indeede it goes so heauily with
my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth , seemes to mee a
sterill promontorie , this most excellent Canopic the ayre , looke
you, this braue orehanging firmament , this maiesciall rooefret-
ted with golden fire , why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule
and pestilent congregacion of vapoures . What peece of worke is a
man , how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties , in forme and
mouing, how expresse and admirable in action , how like an Ang-
ell in apprehension, how like a God : the beautie of the world; the
paragon of Aniamles; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of
dust : man delights not me , nor women neither , though by your
smilling, you seeme to say so.

Rof. My Lord, there was no such stiffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I sayd man delights not me.

Rof. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton
entertainment the players shall receave from you , we coted them
on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King shal be welcome,his Maiescie shal
haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shall vse his foyle and
target, the Louer shall not sigh gratis, the humorus Man shall end
his part in peace , and the Lady shall say her minde freely : or the
black verse shall hault for't. What players are they?

Rof. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Trage-
dians of the Citry.

287-

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292

297+

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303

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308+

312

†

315

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323

326-

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337

342

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Rofin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; Denmark being one o' th' worst.

Rofin. We thinke not so my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Rofin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I haue bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meeterly the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Rofin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-strech't Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to thi Court: for, by my fey I cannot treason?

Both. Yee'll wait vpon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest man: i am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, What make you at Elsonower?

Rofin. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thankes; but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe penny; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

- 343 *Ham.* How chanes it they trauaile : their refidence both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes.
- 347 *Rof.* I thinke their inhibition , comes by the meanes of the late innouasion.
- +351 *Ham.* Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citty ; are they so followed.
- +350 *Rof.* No indeede are they not.
- +354 *Ham.* It is not very strange, for my Vnkle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouthes at him while my father liued, give twenty, fortie, fifty , a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is somthing in this more then naturall, if Philosophie could find it out. *A Florish.*
- 387 *Guyl.* There are the players.
- +390 *Ham.* Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure* , your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie ; let mee comply with you in this garb : let me extent to the players, which I tell you must shewe fairely outwards , should more appere like entertainment then yours : you are welcome : but my Vnkle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.
- 394 *Guyl.* In what my deare Lord.
- 398 *Ham.* I am but mad North North west ; when the wind is Southerly, I knowe a Haake, from a hand saw.
- +402 *Enter Polonius.*
- 405 *Pol.* Well be with you Gentlemen.
- +408 *Ham.* Harke you *Gyldensterne*, and you to, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swadling clouts.
- 410 *Rof.* Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.
- 414 *Ham.* I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, You say right sir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.
- +418 *Pol.* My Lord I haue newes to tell you.
- 420 *Ham.* My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when *Roffius* was an Actor in Rome.
- 424 *Pol.* The Actors are come hether my Lord.
- Ham.* Buzz, buzz.
- Pol.* Vppon my honor.
- 428 *Ham.* Then came each Actor on his Ass.
- 432 *Pol.* The best actors in the world,either for Tragedie, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall Comicall, Historiall Pastorall, scene indeuidible.
- 436-184 >

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their reſi-
dence both in reputation and profit was better both
wayes.

Rofin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meaneſ
of the late Innouation?

Ham. Doe they hold the ſame estimation they did
when I was in the City? Are they ſo follow'd?

Rofin. No indeed, they are not.

From "How comes it..." to "Hercules & his load too" are
omitted in the 2nd Quarto.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rufly?

Rofin. Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted
pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little
Yafes, that crye out on the top of question; and
are moft tyrannically clap't for't: theſe are now the
fashi-

fashion; and ſo be-ratled the common Stages (ſo they
call them) that many weating Rapiers, are affraide of
Goofe-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em?
How are they educated? Will they purſue the Quality no
longer then they can ſing? Will they not ſay after wards
if they ſhould grow themſelues to common Players (as
it is like molt if their meaneſ are no; better) their Wri-
ters do them wrong, to make them exclaim againſt their
owne Succession.

Rofin. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both ſides:
and the Nation holds it no ſinne, to tarre them to Con-
trouersie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argu-
ment, unleſſe the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in
the Question.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beeene much throwing about of
Braines.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Rofin. I that they do my Lord. Hercules & his load too.

Rosin. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Vnkle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make snowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Gul. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to Elsonower: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extenct to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnkle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

Gul. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

Ester Poloniis.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you *Guildensterne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Rosin. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.
When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome—

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.*

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Asse —

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastorall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indiuible, or Po-

Prince of Denmarke.

indeuidible , or Poem vnlimited, *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor
Plautus too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty : these are the
only men.

Ham. O *Iephtha* Judge of Israell, what a treasure had'st thou ?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord ?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued
passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Iephtha* ?

Pol. If you call me *Iephtha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue

Ham. Nay that followes not. (passing well.)

Pol. What followes then my Lord ?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot , and then you knowe it came to
passe , as most like it was ; the first rowe of the pious chanson will
showe you more, for looke where my abridg'ment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee
well, welcome good friends , oh old friend , why thy face is va-
lanct since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? what
my young Lady and mistris , by lady your Ladishippe is
nerer to heauen , then when I saw you last by the altitude of a
chopine , pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrent gold;
bee not crackt within the ring : maisters you are all welcome,
weele ento't like friendly Fankners , fly at any thing we see,
weele haue a speech straite , come giue vs a tast of your quality,
come a passionat speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord ?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted,
or if it was, not aboue once , for the play I remember please'd not
the million, t'was cauiary to the generall, but it was as I receaved
it & others , whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top
of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe
with as much modestie as cunning . I remember one sayd there
were no fallets in the lines , to make the matter sauory , nor no
matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection,
but calld it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very
much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued,
t'was *Aeneas* talk e to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he
speakes of *Priams* slaughter , if it liue in your memory begin at
this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pirbus* like Th'ircanian

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424

428

432

434-6

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439†

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464+

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472

Historicall-Pastorall : Tragical-Historicall : Tragical-Comical-Historicall-Pastorall : Scene indiuible, or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onciy men.

Ham. O Iephia Judge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old Iephia?

Polon. If you call me Iephia my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot : and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was : The first rowe of the Pons Chausen will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter fourre or five Players.

Y're welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well : Welcomme good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last : Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrent Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome; we'll ne'r ro'e like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'll haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tait of your qualtiy : come, a passionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted : or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cavariere* to the Generall : but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whose iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play ; well digested in the Stoores, set downe with as much modeſtie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter fauoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but calld it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefly lou'd, 'twas *Aeneas Tale to Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priamus* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at

ll.ii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

473 beast, tis not so, it beginnes with *Piribus*, the rugged *Piribus*, he whose
sable Armes,

Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'omyinous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,
With heraldy more dismal head to foote,

Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and empasted with the parching strees
That lend a tirranus and a damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the helvish *Piribus*
Old grandisire *Priam* seekes ; so proceede you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good
Play. Anon he finds him, (discretion.)

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to commaund ; vnequall matcht,
Piribus at *Priam* drijues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whisse and winde of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerued father fals :

Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base ; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Piribus* care, for loe his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Piribus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing :

But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racking stand still,
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Piribus* pause,
A rowsed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marys* Armor sorg'd for proose eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Piribus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

this Line, let me see, let me see : The rugged *Pyrrhus* like
th' *Hyrceanian Beast*. It is not so : it begins with *Pyrrhus*
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes
Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd
With Heraldry more dismal: Head to foote
Now is he to take Geolles, horridly Trick'd
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
*VV*ith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandson *Priam* seekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1. Player. Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command : vne quail match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* driues, in Rage strikes wide :
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th' unnerued Father falleth. Then senselesse Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous crash
Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* care. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th Ayre to sticke :

So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a Newtall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the Heauens, the Racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
Ashush as death : Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
A rowsed Vengeance sets him new a-worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for prooufe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falles on *Priam*.

II.ii.

Prince of Denmark.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall sinod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round nauie downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

515

†

518

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barbers with your beard ; prethee say on, he's
for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes, say on, come to *Hecuba*.

523

Play. But who, a woe, had scene the mobled Queene,

†

Ham. The mobled Queene

†

Pol. That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatening the flames
With *Bison* rehume, a clout vpon that head

528

530

Pol. Looke where he has not turnd his culour, and has teares in's

534

eyes, prethee no more.

†

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,

Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed ; doe you

heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe

Chronicles of the time ; after your death you were better haue a

bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

†

Pol. My Lord, I will vs them according to their desert.

552 3

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vs every man after his

desert, & who shall scape whipping, vs them after your owne honor

and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more merit is in your boun-

ty. Take them in.

†

Pol. Come sirs,

†

Ham. Follow him friends, weele heare a play to morrowe; dost thou

558

heare

Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to'th Barbers, with your beard. Pry-thee say on: He's for a Iigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee sleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

I. Play. But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

I. Play. Run bare-foot vp and downe,

Threatning the flame

With Bisson Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loynes,
A blanket in th'Alarum offearc caught vp.

Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome sleep'd,
'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themselues did see her then,
When the raw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbis,
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
(Vnlesse things mortall move them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and
ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I le haue thee speake out the rest,
soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-
stow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are
the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After
your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vte them according to their de-
sart.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vse euericman
after his desart, and who shoulde scape whipping: vse
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they
desrue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Exit Polon.

Ham. Follow him Friends: we'll haere a play to mor-
row. Doist thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
murther of Gonzaga?

The Tragedie of Hamlet

heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night , you could for neede study
a speech of some dozen lines , or sixteene lines , which I would set
downe and insert in't, could you not ?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that Lord , & looke you mock him not.
My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to *Elson-*
onre.

Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Ref. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Ham. I so God buy to you, now I am alone,

O what a rogue and pesant slaque am I.

Is it not monstrous that this player heere

But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion

Could force his soule so to his owne conceit

That from her working all the visage wand,

Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voyce, an his whole function furing

With formes to his conceit ; and all for nothing,

For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,

That he should weepe for her ? what would he doe

Had he the motiue, and that for passion

That I haue ? he would drowne the stage with teares,

And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede

The very faculties of eyes and eares ; yet I,

A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,

Like Iohn a dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing ; no not for a King,

Vpon whose property and most deare life,

A damn'd defeate was made : am I a coward,

Who cals me villaine, breakes my pate a croffe,

Pluckes off my beard , and blowes it in my face,

Twickes me by the nose, giues me the he i' th' thraote

As deepe as to the lungen, who does me this,

Hah, s'wounds I should take it : for it cannot be

But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall

row. Doit thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
murther of Gonzago?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'll ha't to morrow night. You could for a
need study a speech of some dozen or sixteene lines, which
I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leauue you til night
you are welcome to Elsomower?

Rosin. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Manes Hamlet.

Ham. I so, God buy'ye : Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slave am I?
Is it not monstrosus that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,
Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his visege wan'd;
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleave the generall eare with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whose property, and most deere life,
A damn'd detestate was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse?
Pluckles off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th'Nose? giues me the Lye i'th'Thoate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall

II.ii.

Prince of Denmarke.

To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should a fatted all the region kytes
With this flaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,
Remorslesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.
Why what an Asse am I, this is most braue,
That I the sonne of a deere murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Must like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallyon, sic vppont, foh.
About my braines; hum, I haue heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the scene,
Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions :
For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake
With most miraculous organ : Ile haue these Players
Play something like the murther of my father
Before mine Vnkle, Ile obserue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my course. The spirit that I haue scene
May be a deale, and the deale hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damne me ; Ile haue grounds
More relative then this, the play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King. *Exit.*

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*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraws, Guyl-
densterne, Lords.*

III.i.

King. An can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie ?

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Refl. He dooes confess he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause, a will by no meanes speake.

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Guyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to some confession

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To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
I should haue farr'd all the Region Kites
With this Slaves Offall, bloudy : a Bawdy villaine,
Renoiselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine !
Oh Vengeance !

Who? What an Asse am I? I sute, this is most braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Rewenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Must (like a Whore) unpacke my heart with words,
And sail a Curseing like a very Drab.
A Scullionē Eye vpon't : Foh. About my Braine.
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scene,
Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though't haue no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. He haue these Players,
Play something like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Uncle. He obserue his lookes,
He tent him to the quicke : If he but blench
I know my course. The Spirit that I haue seene
May be the Duell, and the Diuel hath power
To assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuseth me to damne me. He haue grounds
More Relative then this : The Play's the thing,
Wherein He catch the Conscience of the King.

Exit

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrance, Guildenstern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion :
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rosin. He does confess he feeleth himselfe distractēd,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.

Guild. Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe :
When we would bring him on to some Confession

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of his true state,

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Rof. Most like a gentleman.

Guyl. But with much forcing of his disposition,

Rof. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rof. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true,

And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties
To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my hart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And drive his purpose into these delights.

Rof. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt Rof. & Guyl.*

King. Sweet Gertrard, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for Hamlet hether,
That he as t'were by accident, may heere
Affront Ophelia; her father and my selfe,
Wee'l so beslow our selues, that seeing vnsene,
We may of their encounter franckly judge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
Ift be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.

And for your part Ophelia, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlets wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues,
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Oph. Maddam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia walke you heere, gracious so please you,

Of his true state.

Qu. Did he receive you well?

Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way : of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties
To heare, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and driue his purpose on
To these delights.

Rosin. We shall my Lord.

Exeunt.

King. Sweet Gertrude leave vs too,
For we haue closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront Ophelia. Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials)
Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene
We may of their encounter frankly iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If it be th'affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he suffis for.

Qu. I shall obey you,

And for your part Ophelia, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlets wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. Ophelia, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,

Prince of Denmarke.

We will bestow our selues; reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much prou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The deuill himselfe.

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience.
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my most painted word :
O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.
Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe
No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heire to ; tis a consumation
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreme, I there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
That makes calamite of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th' oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of despiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient meritt of th'vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin ; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a weatle life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne

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We will bestow our selues : Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelinessse. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Devotions vifage,
And pious Action, we do surge o're
The diuell himselfe.

King. Oh'tis true:
How smart a lash that speech doth give my Conscience ?
The Sailors Cheeke beautied with plait'ring Art
Is not more vgly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
Oh heauie burthen !

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question :
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragions Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing em them : to dye, to sleepe
No more ; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes

That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame ; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we have shuffel'd off this mortall cole,
Must giue vs paule. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The panges of dispuiz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his *Question* make
With a bare Bodkin ? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouert Country, from whose Borne

III.i.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,
 And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
 Then flic to others that we know not of,
 Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
 And thus the natvie hiew of resolution
 Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
 With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
 And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
 The faire Ophelia, Nymph in thy orizons
 Be all my sinnes remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,
 How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thankē you well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
 That I haue longed long to redeliuer,
 I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
 And with them words of so sweet breath compoſd
 As made these things more rich, their perfume lost,
 Take these againe, for to the noble mind
 Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
 There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest & faire, you should admit
 no discourse to your beautie.

Oph. Could beauty my Lord haue better comers
 Then with honestie?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme ho-
 nestie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can trans-
 late beautie into his likenes, this was sometime a paradox, but now the
 time giues it prooef, I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me belieue so.

Ham. You shouldest not haue beleue'd me, for vertue cannot so
 enoculat our old stock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not.

No Traueller returns, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Native hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, w^th the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia? Niⁿph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deluer.
I pray you now, receiuē them.

Ham. No, no, I never gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume iest:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers prove vnkinde.
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honest?

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
Should admit no discourse to your Beautie.

Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Comerce
then your Honestie?

Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse.
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
proofe. I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue so.

Ham. You shold not haue beleueed me. For verue
cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall sellish
of it. I loued you not.

III.i.

Prince of Denmarke.

Oph. I was the more deceiu'd.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would'st thou be a breeder of fin-
ners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of
such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee : I am
very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck,
then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape,
or time to aet them in: what should such fellowes as I do crauling be-
twene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleue none of vs,
goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Ham. If thou dooſt marry, Ile give thee this plague for thy dow-
rie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow , thou ſhalt not escape ca-
lumny ; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry,
marry a foole , for wife men knowe well enough what monsters you
make of them : to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Oph. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough , God hath gi-
uen you one face, and you make your ſelfes another, you gig & am-
ble, and you liſt you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wan-
tonnes ignorance ; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde,
I ſay we will haue no mo marriage, thofe that are married alreadie, all
but one ſhall liue, the rest ſhall keep as they are : to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne !

The Courtiers, ſouldiers, ſchollers, eye, tongue, ſword,
Th' expectation, and Rose of the faire ſtate,
The glaffe of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th' obſeru'd of all obſeruers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies moſt deiect and wretched,
That ſuckt the honny of his muſickē vowes;
Now ſee what noble and moſt ſoueraigne reaſon
Like ſweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatcht forme, and ſtature of blowne youth
Blaſted with extacie, ô woe is mee
Thaue ſeen what I haue ſeen, ſee what I ſee.

Exit,

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Ophe. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why wouldest thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such Fel-

Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleue none of vs.: Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may play the Fools no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him you sweet Heavens.

Ham. If thou doest Marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. O heavenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your prating too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall haue, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. Exit Hamlet.

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-thrownie? The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword, Th'expectansie and Rose of the faire State, The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme, Th'obseru'd of all Observers, quite, quite downe. Haue I of Ladies most deiect and wretched, That suck'd the Honie of his Musick Vowes: Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason, Like sweet Bells iangled out of tune, and harsh, That vanesch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth, Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me, T'haue scene what I haue scene: see what I see.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter King and Polonius.

170 King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Not what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
174 And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
+ Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set it downe : he shall with spedee to *England*,
178 For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
180 With variable obiects, shall expell
This something settled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.

183 What thinke you on't?

186 Pol. It shall doe well.
+ But yet doe I believe the origin and commencement of his greefe,
Sprung from neglected loue : How now *Ophelia* ?

You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all : my Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To show his grieve, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the care
Of all their conference, if she find him not,
To *England* send him : or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.

194 King. It shall be so,
196 Madnes in great ones must not vnmachte goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I prounoud it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, ô it offendes mee to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to preuent
I haue in quicke determination
Thus set it dowe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Obiects, shall expell
This something settled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleue
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected loue. How now Ophelia?
You needenot tell vs, what Lord Hamlet saide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the care
Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
To England send him: Or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so:
Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd
it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it,
as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer
had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much
your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Tor-
rent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whistle-winde of
Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that
may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offendes mee to the Soule,
to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Paffi-

III.ii.

Prince of Denmark.

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the groundlings, vwho for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shewes, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seene play, and heard others praysd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanelly, that neither hauing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, haue so struttred & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abominably.

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that wil themselues laugh, to set on some quantiti of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, & Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. Will you two help to hasten the.

Ros. I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*

Ham. What howe, Horatio. *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as iust a man.

As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay

to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-Herod's Herod. Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall obleruance: That you o're-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done, is frō the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanelly) that neyther hauing the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, haue so struttred and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vies it. Go make you readie.

Exit Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildersterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two helpe to hasten them?

Both. We will my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, Horatio?

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art eene as iust a man
As eere my Conuersation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

III.ii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
 For what aduancement may I hope from thee
 That no reunew hast but thy good spirits
 To feede and clothe thee, why shoulde the poore be flattered?
 No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,
 And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
 Where thirst may follow fauning; doost thou heare,
 Since my deare soule was misris of her choice,
 And could of men distinguishe her election,
 S'hath seald thee for herfelfe, for thou hast been
 As one in suffring all that suffers nothing,
 A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
 Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those
 Whose blood and iudgement are so well comedled,
 That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
 To sound what stope she please: giue me that man
 That is not passions slauie, and I will weare him
 In my harts core, In my hart of hart
 As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
 There is a play to night before the King,
 One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
 Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
 I prethee when thou feest that act a foote,
 Euen with the very comment of thy soule
 Obserue my Uncle, if his occulted guilt
 Doe not it selfe vnkemill in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we haue scene,
 And my imaginacions are as foule
 As Vulcans stiby; giue him heedfull note,
 For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
 And after we will both our iudgements ioyne
 In censure of his seeming.
 Hor. Well my lord,
 If a steale ought the whilste this play is playing
 And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,
 Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter :
For what aduancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuenew hast, but thy good spirits

To

To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd ?
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fainting ? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,
And could of men distinguishe, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that offers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hush't me with equall Thankes. And bieft are those,
Whose Blood and Judgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man,
That is not Passions Slave, and i will weare him
In my hearts Core. I, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neare the Circumstance
Which I heue told thee, of my Father's death.
I praythee, when thou seest that Act a-foot,
Euen with the vte of Committall of my Soule
Obserue mine Vnkle : If his occul'd guilt,
Do not it seise vakenell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we haue scene :
And my Imaginations are as soule
As Vulcans Stythe. Give him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face :
And after we will both our judgements ioyne,
To censure of his seeming.

Illa. Well my Lord.
If he Steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,
And scape detecting, I wil pay the iust.

Enter King, Queene, Polyxena, Ophelia : Ratherance,
Guildessterre and other Lords attend him : with
him carrying Torches, Knights, Soldiers,
Daurch, Suzanna & Maud.

Ham. They are comming to the Play : I must be idle.

Prince of Denmark.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cosin *Hamlet* ?

96

Ham. Excellent yfaith,

Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promiscram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

100

King. I haue nothing with this aunswyer *Hamlet*,
Theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i'th Vniuersitie you say,

104

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enact ?

108

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild mee.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie ?

110

Rof. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

114-15

Ger. Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, fit by me.

Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiu.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

118

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap ?

Oph. No my Lord.

120

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters ?

123

Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord,

Ham. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

125

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

125

Oph. You are merry my Lord.

128

Ham. Who I ?

Oph. I my Lord.

130

Ham. O God your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do but
be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes, and my
father died within's two howres.

134

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

136

Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke , for I haue a
ſute of ſables ; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet,
then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a
yeere, but ber Lady a muſt build Churches then, or els ſhall a ſuffer
not thinking on, with the Hobby-horſe, whose Epitaph is, for ô, for
ô, the hobby-horſe is forgot.

138

142

144

Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent I faith, of the Camelion's dish : I eate the Ayre promise-cramm'd : you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I issue nothing with this answer Hamlet, these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'ch' University, you say ?

Polon. That I did my Lerd, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cesar*, I was kill'd i'ch' Capitol : *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill so Capitall a Calf there. Be the Players ready ?

Rosin. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ophelia. Come hither my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettie more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that ?

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap ?

Ophelia. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap ?

Ophelia. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters ?

Ophelia. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

Ophelia. What is my Lord ?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophelia. You are merrie, my Lord ?

Ham. Who I ?

Ophelia. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Jigge-maker : what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed withi'n's two Houtes.

Ophelia. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long ? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for he haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens ! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet ? Then there's hope, a great monus Memorie, may out-live his life halfe a yarde : But by'r lady he must bulde Churches then : or else shall be fester not thinking on, with the Hoby-horsie, whose Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horsie is forgot.

I he Tragedie of Hamlet

The Trumpets sounds. Dumb show follows:

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he tyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon come in an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysner with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysner woos the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh arbitre, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching Mallico, it meanes mischiefe.

Oph. Belike this shew imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, Enter Prologue.

The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you will shew him, be not you ashame to shew, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere slooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phabus cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and Tellus orb'd the ground,
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our harts, and Hymen did our hands
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many ioutneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embrasing him. She kneeles and makes shew of Protestation unto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head upon her neck. Layes him downe upon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleeppe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres poysone in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead. and makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue.

Exeunt

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicho, that meanes Mischeefe.

Ophe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not you ashamed to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ille marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your Clemencie:
We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poeticall Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gon round,
Neptunes salt Wash, and Tellus Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beeene,
Since loue our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Vnite comutuall, in most sacred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,
That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:

Prince of Denmarke.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
 And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,
 Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,
 Now what my Lord is proefe hath made you know,
 And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is so,
 Where loue is great, the litlest doubts are feare,
 Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I must leauue thee loue, and shortly to,
 My operant powers their functions leauue to do,
 And thou shalt live in this faire world behind,
 Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
 For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest,
 Such loue must needes be treason in my brest,
 In sec ond husband let me be accurst,
 None wed the second, but who kild the first.
 The instances that sec ond marriage moue
 Are base respects of thrifte, but none of loue,
 A sec ond time I kill my husband dead,
 When sec ond husband kisses me in bed.

Ham. That's wormwood

188

190

194

200

200

204

208

210

214

King. I doe belieue you thinke what now you speake,
 But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
 Purpose is but the flauie to memorie,
 Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
 Which now the fruite vnripe flicks on the tree,
 But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
 Most necessary nis that we forget
 To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
 What to our selues in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
 The violence of eyther, griefe, or ioy,
 Their owne ennactures with themselues destroy,
 Where ioy most reuels, grieve doth most lament,
 Greefe ioy, ioy grieves, on slender accedent,
 This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
 That euen our loues should with our fortunes change:
 For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
 Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
 The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flyes,

For wemens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,

In neither ought, or in extremity :

Now what my loue is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so.

King. Faith I must leue thee Loue, and shortly too :
My operant Powers my Functions leue to do :
And thou shalt live in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou — — —

Bap. Oi confound the rest :
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest :
In second Husband, let me be accusst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Hans. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt. The instances that second Marriage moue,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisse me in Bed.

King. I do beleue you. Think what now you speak :
But what we do determine, oft we break :
Purpose is but the slave to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Frete varipe stickes on the Tree,
But fall vnsheaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt :
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or ioy,
Their owne enactors with themselues destroy :
Where ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament ;
Greefe ioyes, ioy greeves on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our Loues should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left vs yet to prove,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great men downe, you make his fauourites flies,

The tragedie of Hamlet

The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuises still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Queen. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,

To desperation turne my trust and hope,

And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,

Each opposite that blancks the face of joy,

Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,

Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,

If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,

My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile

The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleep rock thy braine,

And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but she'll keep her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i' th world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
of a murther doone in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife
Baptista, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of
that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not,
let the gauled Jade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lu-*
cianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus,

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue

The poore adga'nd, makes Friends of Enemies :
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall never lacke a Friend :
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Diseas'd seasons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I began,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Desires still are ouerthowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wyl no second Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Bap. Not Earth to give me food, nor Heauen light,
Spor: and reprofe locke staine me day and night :
Each opposite that blankest the face of ioy,
Meet what I woul'd haue well, and it destroy :
Beth heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.

Ham. If she shalde breake it now.

Ham. 'Tis deeply sworne :
Sweet, loue, let mee a while,
My spirit's grow dall, and feine I would beguile
The sedious day with sleepe.

Qz. Sleepe, rocke thy Braine, Sleepes
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. Exit

Ham. Madam, how I ke you this Play?

Qz. The Lad protells to much me thinkes.

Faz. Oh but flie i keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of-fence i'th?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Of-

fence i'th'world.

King. What do you call the Play ?

Ham. The Mouse-trap : Marry how? Tropically :
This Play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna: Gon-zago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista : you shall see anon : 'tis a knauish peece of worke : But what o'that ? Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not : let the gail d iade winch:our withers are vnrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue : if I could finde the Reasoun why,

III.ii.

Prince of Denmarke.

- If I could see the puppets dallyng. 257
Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.
Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge. 260
Oph. Still better and worse. *
Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge. 264
Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
Considerat season els no creature seeing, 266
Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,
VVith Hecats ban thrice blasted, thrice inuicted,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholsome life vsurps immediatly. 270
Ham. A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife. 274
Oph. The King rises.
Quee. How fares my Lord? 278
Pol. Giue ore the play.
King. Giue me some light, away. 280
Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*
Ham. Why let the strooken Deere goe weepe, 288-9
The Hart vngauld play,
For some must watch while some must sleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this sir & a Forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry. of players ?
Hora. Halfe a share. 290
Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dooſt know oh *Damon deere*
This Realme dismantled was
Of *Ione* himſelfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock. 294
Hora. You might haue rym'd.
Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didſt perceiue? 298
Hora. Very well my Lord.
Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysning.
Hor. I did very well note him. 300

if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Roven doth bellow for Revenge.

Lac. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing :
Confederate season, else no Creature seeing :
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magick, and dire propertie,
On wholesome life, vsinge immedately.

Powers the poison in his ears.

Ham. He poysons him i'th'Garden for's estate : His name's *Gonzago* : the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You shall see anou how the Murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzago*'s wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Exeunt

Alarum Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play :
For some must watch, while some must sleepe ;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Provinciall
Roses on my rac'd Shoes, get me a Fellowship in a crie
of Players sir.

Hor. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I,

For thou dost know : Oh *Dame* deere,
This Realme dismanted was of loue himselfe,
And now reignes heere.

A verie verie Paiocke.

Hor. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for
a thousand pound. Didst perceiue ?

Hor. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysoning ?

Hor. I did verie well note him.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

302.3 *Ham.* Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique,

Enter Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

307.8 *Guyl.* Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir a whole historie.

310 *Guyl.* The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him ?

314 *Guyl.* Is in his retirement meruulous dislempred.

Ham. With drinke sir ?

318 *Guyl.* No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisedome should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie
this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would
perhaps plunge him into more choller.

320 *Guyl.* Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

324 *Guyl.* The Queene your mother in most gteat affliction of spirit,
hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

328 *Guyl.* Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breed, if
it shall please you to make me a wholsome aunswere, I will doe your
mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

332 *Rof.* What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseasid, but sir, such
answerc as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

336.7+ *Rof.* Then thus she sayes, your behauour hath strooke her into a-
mazement and admiration.

340 *Ham.* O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother, but is there
no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

343.4 *Rof.* She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any
further trade with vs ?

348.9+ *Rof.* My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Rof.

Enter Rosinante and Gaillansterne.

Ham. Oh, ha! Come some Musick. Come § Recorders!
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come some Musicke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole Hitory.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, maruellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisedome should shew it selfe more ri-
cher, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him
to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre
more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into soms
frame, and start not so wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affi-
ction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of
the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whol-
some answere, I will doe your Mothers command'ment:
if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of
my Busynesse.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answere: my wits dis-
easid. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal com-
mand: or rather you say, my Mother: therfore no more
but to the matter. My Mother you say.

Rosin. Then thus she sayes: your behauior hath strok
her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a
Mother. But is there no sequell at the heele of this Mo-
thers admiration?

Rosin. She desires to speake with you in her Closset,
ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shal obey, were she ten times our Mother.
Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

III.ii.

Prince of Denmarke.

Rof. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your grieves to your friend.

+350
+

Ham. Sir I lacke aduaancement.

354

Rof. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something musty, ô the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would drue me into a toyle?

+358
+360

Gyl. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

363-4

Ham. I do not wel vnderstand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Gyl. My lord I cannot.

368

Ham. I pray you.

Gyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

370

Ham. I doe beseech you.

Gyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the vmbre, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stops.

+374
+

Gyl. But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

378

Ham. Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would found mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s'bloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret mee not, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you sir.

380

+384

+

388-9
390

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.

+393-4
+

Ham. Do you see yonder clowd that's almost in shape of a Camcl?

Pol. By'th masse and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

398

Pol. Very like a Whalce.

Ham. Then.

Rofin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Liber-
tie, if you deny your greeves to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

Rofin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of
the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the grasse growes, the Prouerbe is
something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why
do you go about to recover the winde of mee, as if you
would drame me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue
is too vnmannery.

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play
vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges
with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your
mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musick.
Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But the ie cannot I command to any vterance
of hermony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing
you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would
seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart
of my Mysterie; you would sound mee from my lowest
Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Mu-
sicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot
you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee
plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will,
though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God
blesse you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speake with you,
and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shope
like a Camell.

Polon. By'th'Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Methinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

III ii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Then I will come to my mother by and by,
 They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
 Leue me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
 Tis now the very witching time of night,
 When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
 Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
 And doe such busines as the bitter day
 Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
 O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer
 The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,
 Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
 I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
 My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
 How in my words someuer she be shent,
 To give them seales neuer my soule consent. *Exit.*

III iii.

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Gyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
 To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
 I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
 And he to *England* shall along with you,
 The termes of our estate may not endure
 Hazerd so neer's as doth hourly grow
 Out of his browes.

Gyl. We will our selues prouide,
 Most holy and religious feare it is
 To keepe those many many bodies safe
 That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Ros. The single and peculiare life is bound
 With all the strength and armour of the mind
 To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
 That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and restes
 The liues of many, the cesse of Maiestie
 Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw
 What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
 Fixt on the sommet of the highest mount,
 To whose hough spokes, tenne thousand lesser things
 Are morteit and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by :
They foole me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so.

Exit.

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Leave me Friends :
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. New could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter busynesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother :
Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature ; let not euer
The Soule of Nero, enter this firme boosome :
Let me be cruell, not vnnatural,
I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none :
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words someuer she be snynt,
To giue them Scales, never my Soule confente.

Enter King, Rosinrance, and Guilderstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,
To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you :
The termes of our estate, may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourelly grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selues prouide :
Most holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Rosin. The single
And peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it selfe from noyance : but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests
The liues of many, the cease of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulse doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele
Fixt on the Sommet of the highest Mount,
To whose huge Spokes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd : which when it falles,

Prince of Denmarke.

Each small annexment petty consequence
 Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone
 Did the King sigh, but a generall grone.
King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,
 For we will fettters put about this feare
 Which now goes too free-footed.
Ros. We will hast vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

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Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers closet,
 Behind the Arras I'le conuay my selfe.
 To heare the processe, I'le warrant shee'letax him home,
 And as you sayd, and wisely was it sayd,
 Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
 Since nature makes them parciall, should ore-heare
 The speech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
 I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.

And tell you what I knowe. *Exit.*

King. Thankes deere my Lord.

O my offence is ranck, it smels to heaven,
 It hath the primall eldest curse uppont,
 A brothers murther, pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will,
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong entent,
 And like a man to double busines bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
 And both neglect, what if this cursed hand
 Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
 Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
 To wash it white as snowe, whereto serues mercy
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer but this two fold force,
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.
 My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer
 Can serue my turne, forgiue me my foule murther,
 That cannot be since I am still possest
 Of those effects for which I did the murther;
 My Crowne, mincowne ambition, and my Queene;

I.

May

Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boystrous Ruine. Never alone
Did the King lighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare;

pp

Which

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste vs.

Euenant Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset:
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my selfe
To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heauens
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serues mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ie looke vp,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, since I am still possest
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:

The Tragedie of Hamlet

May one be pardond and retaine th'offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offences guilded hand may shewe by iustice,
 And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
 Buyses out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
 Euen to the teeth and forhead of our faults
 To giue in euidence, what then, what rests,
 Try what repentance can, what can it not,
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 O wretched state, & bosome blacke as death,
 O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
 Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make assay,
 Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of steale,
 Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
 All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
 And now I le doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
 And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
 A villaine kills my father, and for that,
 I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
 To heauen.
 Why, this is base and silly, not reuendge,
 A tooke my father grossly full of bread,
 Withall his crimes braod blowne, as flush as May,
 And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 Tis heauy with him : and am I then reuenged
 To take him in the purging of his soule,
 When he is fit and sealond for his paillage?

No.

Up sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
 When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
 Or in th'incestious pleasure of his bed,
 At game a swearing, or about some act
 That has no relish of saluation in't,

Then

May one be pardon'd, and retaine th' offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shone by Justice,
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! Oh bosomie, blacke as death!
Oh limed soule, that strugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe.
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it p't, now he is praying,
And now He doo'st, and so he goes to Heaven,
And so am I reveng'd: that would be scann'd,
A Villaine kill's my Father, and for that
His foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
To heaven. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Revenge.
He tooke my Father grossly, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as flesh as May,
And how his Audit stands, who knowes, saue Heaven:
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is sic and season'd for his passage? No.
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some aete
That ha's no relish of Saluation in't,

III.iii.

Prince of Denmark.

Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staies,
This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies. *Exit.*

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

93

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III.iv.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
And that your grace hath screend and stood betwene
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

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Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not,
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter ?

Ger. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now Hamlet ?

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Ger. Haue you forgot me ?

Ham. No by the rood not so,

You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,

And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse

Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpē how.

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Pol. What how helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

Pol. O I am slaine.

Ger. O me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King ?

I2

Ger.

Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd aud blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes,
This Physick but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. Exit.

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight :
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath scree'nd, and stooode betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere :
Pray you be round with him.

Ham within. Mother, mother, mother,

Qn. He warrant you, scarce me not.

Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Go. Come, come, you answer with an idle tong.
Go. Come, come, you answer with an idle tong.

Ham. Go, go, you question who
I am. Why have you now Hamlet?

Lu. Why how now Hamlet?

24. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Road not so

You are the Queen - your Husband's Brothers wife.

But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speake.

Hans. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
bondge:

You go not till I set you vp a glasse,

Where you may see the inmost part of you?

Qn. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Help, help, hoa.

Pcl. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducat, dead.

Pol. Oh I am lame.

Killes Polonaises.

Ques. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

The Tragedie of Hamlet

27 *Ger.* O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King.

30 *Ham.* I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,
Leauue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
If it be made of penitible stoffe,
If damned custome haue not bras'd it so,
That it be prooef and bulwark against sence.

38 *Ger.* What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

40 *Ham.* Such an act

That blurses the grace and blush of modesty,
Cals vertue hypocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers oathes, ô such a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule, and sweet religion makes
A rapsedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this solidiry and compound masse
With heated visage, as against the doome
Is thought sick at the act

Quec. Ay me, what act?

Ham. That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on this browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of *loue* himselfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heave, a kissing hill,
A combination, and a forme indeede,
Where every God did seeme to set his *Cale*
To giue the world assurance of a man,

Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Better, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'lt to be too busie, is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stiffe;
If damned Custome have not braz'd it so,
That it is proofe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act

That blushest the grace and blush of Modestie,
Calls Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,

As

As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapsodie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With triffull vantage as against the doome,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Qu. Ay me; what a ct, that roares so lowd, & thun-
ders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was seated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of loue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every God did seeme to set his Seale,
To giue the world assurance of a man.

Prince of Denmarke.

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blasting his wholsome brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaintie leave to feede,
And batten on this Moore ; ha, haue you eyes ?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this, sence sure you haue
Els could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extacie was nere so thral'd
But it referu'd some quantity of choise
To serue in such a difference, what deuill wast
That thus hath cosund you at hodman blind ;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope : O shame where is thy blush ?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaine no shame
When the compulsive ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actiuely doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no more,
Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such blacke and greeued spots
As will leave there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to live
In the ranick sweat of an inseemed bed
Stewed in corruption, honyng, and making loue
Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more sweete Hamlet.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slauie that is not twentith part the kyth

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This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leauue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Judgement
Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath coufend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Verteue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclame no shame,
When the compulsive Ardure giues the charge,
Since Frost it selfe, as aktuely doth burne,
As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O Ham'let, speake no more.

Thou turn'rt mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leauue their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke i sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the nasty Stye.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
Thele words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murdeſer, and a Villaine:
A Slave, that is not twentieſt part the tythe

The Tragedie of Hamlet

98 Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
 100 A cur-purse of the Empire and the rule,
 That from a shelfe the precious Diadem stole
 And put it in his pocket,

Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

102 *Ham.* A King of shreds and patches,
 Saeue me and houer ore me with your wings
 104 You heauenly gards : what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas hee's mad.

108-9 *Ham.* Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
 That lap'st in time and passion lets goe by
 Th'important acting of your dread command , ô say.

110 *Ghost.* Doe not forget, this visitation
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
 But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
 O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
 Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alas how i'ſt with you?

+ 118 That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
 And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
 Foorth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
 And as the sleeping souldiers in th'alarme,
 Your bedded haire like life in excrements
 Start vp and stand an end, ô gentle sonne
 Vpon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 120 Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

124 *Ham.* On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
 His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones
 Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
 Least with this pittious action you conuert
 My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
 128 Will want true culour, teares perchance for blood.

130 *Ger.* To whom doe you speake this?

132 *Ham.* Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our selues.

Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelfe the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Save me; and honour me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget; this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother fits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.

Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?

That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildly peape,
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarne,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand at end. Oh gentle Sonne;
Vpon the heatte and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Least with this pitteous action you conuert:
My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our selues.

Prince of Denmark.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it stales away,
My father in his habit as he liued,

134

Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall.

Exit Ghost.

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Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodilesse creation extacie is very cunning in.

138-9

< 140

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse
That I haue vntred, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reward, which madnesse
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnglion to your soule
That not your trespassse but my madnesse speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlceroous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infects vnseene, confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue.
For in the fatnesse of these puris times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and woe for leauue to doe him good.

144

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148

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150

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154

Ger. O Hamlet thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throwe away the worser part of it,
And leauue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Uncles bed,
Assume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monster custome, who all sence doth eare
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise gives a frock or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinenesse, the next more easie:
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either the deuill, or throwe him out
With wonderous poteney: once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleased it so

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Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euен now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodilesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. Extasie?

My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Musick. It is not madnesse
That I haue uttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word: which madnesse
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,
That not your trespassse, but my madnesse speakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vicerous place;
Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnseene. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And do not spred the Compost or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
For in the fernessee of this pursie times;
Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe, for leauē to do him good.

Qu. Oh *Hamlet*,

Thou hast cleſt my heart intwaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And line the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, restaine to night;
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
To the next abſtinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſſed,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

To punish me with this, and this with me,
 That I must be their scourge and minister,
 I will bestowe him and will answere well
 The death I gaue him; so againe good night
 I must be cruell only to be kinde,
 This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.
 One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
 Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
 Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
 And let him for a paire of reechie kisles,
 Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
 Make you to rouell all this matter out
 That I essentially am not in madnesse,
 But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,
 For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
 Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
 Such deare concertings hide, who would doe so,
 No, in dispight of fence and secrecy,
 Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
 Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
 To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
 And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
 And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
 What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you knowe that.

Ger. Alack I had forgot.

Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
 Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
 They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way
 And marshall me to knauery : let it worke,
 For tis the sport to haue the enginer
 Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
 But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
 And blowe them at the Moone : ô tis most sweete
 When in one line two crafts directly meeete,

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will beslow him, and will answer well
The death I gaue him : so againte good night?
I must be cruell, onely to be kinde ;
Thus bad begins and worse remaines behinde.

Qs. What shall I do ?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do :
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses;

PP 2

Or

Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to rauell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queen, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide. Who would do so,
No in despight of Sense and Secrecie,
Unpegge the Basket on the houses top :
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qs. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life : I haue no life to breath
What thou hast saide to me.

Ham. I must to England you know that ?

Qs. Alacke I had forgot : 'Tis so concluded on.

Prince of Denmark.

This man shall set me packing,
 Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
 Mother good night indeed, this Counsayler
 Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
 Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
 Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
 Good night mother. *Exit.*

211

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+217

*Enter King, and Queene, with Rgsencraus
and Guyldensterne.*

+IV.i.

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King. There's matter in these fighes, these profound heaues,
 You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
 Where is your sonne?

Ger. Beslow this place on vs a little while.
 Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I scene to night?

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King. What Gertrard, how dooes Hamlet?
Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
 Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
 Behind the Arras hearing something stirre,
 Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
 And in this brainish apprehension kills
 The vnseene good old man.

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+20

King. O heauy deede!
 It had beeene so with vs had wee beene there,
 His libertie is full of thretes to all,
 To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
 Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
 It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
 Should haue kept short, restraint, and out of haunt
 This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
 We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
 But like the owner of a foule disease
 To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
 Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

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Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
 Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore
 Among a minerall of mettals base,
 Showes it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O Gertrard, come away,

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Ham. This man shall set me packing :
He lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in these sighes.
These profound heaues
You must translate ; Tis fit we vnderstand them.
Where is your Sonne ?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I seen to night ?

King. What Gertrude ? How do's Hamlet ?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier. in his lawlesse fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,
He whips his Rapiere out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension killles
The vnseene good old man.

King. O a heauy deed :
It had bin so with vs had we beeene there :
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered ?
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of hauntr,
This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom his very madness like some Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettels base
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh Gertrude, come away :

IV.i.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

29 The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
 But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede
 We must with all our Maestie and skill *Enter Ros. & Guild.*
 32 Both countenaunce and excuse. Ho *Gyldenstern*,
 Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
 Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,
 And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,
 36 Goe seeke him out, speake fayre, and bring the body
 Into the Chappell; I pray you haft in this,
 Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wiest friends,
 And let them know both what we meane to doe
 40 And whats vntimely doone,
 Whose whisper ore the worlds dyameter,
 As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
 Transports his poysned shot, may misse our Name,
 44 And hit the woundlesse ayre, ô come away,
 My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, and others.

Ham. Safely stowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?
 O heere they come.

Ros. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with dust whereto tis kin.

Ros. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,

And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beleue it,

Ros. Beleeue what.

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne, besides
 to be demaunded of a spunge, what replycation should be made by
 the sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sookes vp the Kings countenaunce, his rewards, his
 authoritie, but such Officers doe the King best seruice in the end, he
 keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be
 last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but squeezing
 you, and spunge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs
 to the King.

Hamlet.

King. Oh Gertrude, come away :
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,
We must with all our Maiesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse. Enter Ros. & Guild.

Ho Gildenstern :

Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde :
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his Mother Closets hath he drag'd him.
Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this. Exit Gent.
Come Gertrude, wee'll call vp our wifest friends,

To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.

Ham. What noise? Who calls on Hamlet?

Oh heere they come. Enter Ros and Gildenstern.

Ro. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleue it.

Rosin. Beleue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine
owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re-
plication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sookes vp the Kings Countenance, his
Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King
best seruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in
the corner of his iaw, first mourk'd to be last swallowed,
when he needes what you haue glean'd), it is but squeez-
ing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Rosin. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : a knauish speech sleepes in a
foolish eare.

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,
and go with vs to the King.

Prince of Denmark.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body, How dangerous is it that this man goes loose, Yet must not we put the strong Law on him, Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude, VVho like not in their iudgement, but theyr eyes, And where tis so, th' offenders scourge is wayed But never the offence : to beare all smooth and cuen, This suddaine sending him away must seeme Deliberate pause, diseases desperat growne, By desperat applyance are relieu'd Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrans and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befalne?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord
VVe cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee?

Ros. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Ros. How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper, where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conuacation of politique wormes are een at him : your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but varible seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

King. *King.* VVhat doost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse through

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IV.iii.

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Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing —

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after.

Exeunt

Enter King.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie: How dangerous is it that this man goes loose; Yet must not we put the strong Law on him: Hee's loued of the distractèd multitude, Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes: And where 'tis so, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and eu'en, This sodaine tending him away, must seeme Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne, By desperate appliance are releeued,

Or not at . II.

Enter Rosinante.

How now? What hath befalne?

Rosin. Where the dead body is beslow'd thy Lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Rosin. Hoa, Gildenstern! Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Gildenstern.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certayne conuocation of wormes are e're at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat vs, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to dishes, but to one Table that's the end.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progressse through the guts of a Begger.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

33 through the guts of a begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

35 *Ham.* In heauen, send thereto see, if your messenger finde him
not thre, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find
38+ him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the
Stayres into the Lobby

40 *King.* Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

44 *King.* Hamlet this deede for thme especiall safety
Which we do tender, as we deereley grieue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence.
Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe,

47 Th'associats tend, and euery thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England.

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

48 +50 *Ham.* I see a Cherub that sees the, but come for England,
Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father Hamlet.

53 *Ham.* My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother :
Come for England. Exit.

55 *King.* Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speede abord,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
58 Away, for every thing is seald and done
That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make hast,
And England, if my loue thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee fence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Danish sword; and thy free awe
60 Payes homage to vs, thou mayst not coldly set
Our soueraigne proceesse, which imports at full
By Letters congruing to that effect
The present death of Hamlet, doe it England,
68 For like the Hectique in my blood he rages.

And

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go
a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe : but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall nose him as you go vp the staites into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

K. *Hamlet*, this deed of thine, for thine especiall safety
Which we do tender, as we deereely greeue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th' Associates tend, and euery thing at bens
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that see's him : but come, for
England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

Hamlet. My Mother : Father and Mother is man and
wife : man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Coine,
for England. Exit

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speed aboord :
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
That else leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make haft.
And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs ; thou maist not coldly set
Our Soueraigne Processe, which imports at full
By Letters coniuring to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it England,
For like the Hesticke in my blood he rages,

IV.iii.

Prince of Denmarke.

And thou must cure me; till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

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70+

IV.iv.

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army over the Stage.
Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
 Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
 Craues the conueyance of a promisd march
 Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous,
 If that his Maisticie would ought with vs,
 We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
 And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

For. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of *Norway* sir.

Ham. How purposd sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commaunds them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir,

Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,

We goe to gaine a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name

To pay fие duckets, fие I would not farme it;

Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*

A rancker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garisond.

Ham. Two thousand soules, & twenty thousand duckets

VWill not debate the question of this straw,

This is th'Impostume of much wealth and peace,

That inward breakes, and showes no cause without

Why the man dies. I bumbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Rof. Wil't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before,

How all occasions doe informe against me,

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And

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32*

And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my hap's, my joyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendezvous:
If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on.

Exit.

“Good sir whose powers are these” to “My thoughts be bloody or not be nothing worth” omitted.

IV.iv.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

33* And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
 * If his chiefe good and market of his time
 * Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more :
 36* Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
 * Looking before and after, gaue vs not
 * That capabilitie and god-like reason
 * To fust in vs vnvysd, now whether it be
 40* Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
 * Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
 * A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisedom,
 * And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
 44* Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
 * Sith I haue cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
 * To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
 * Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
 48* Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 * Whose spirit with diuine ambition puffed,
 50* Makes mouthes at the invisible euent,
 * Exposing what is mortall, and vnsure,
 * To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 * Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
 54* Is not to stirre without great argument,
 * But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
 * When honour's at the stake, how stand I then
 * That haue a father kild, a mother stain'd,
 58* Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
 * And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
 60* The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 * That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
 Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tombe enongh and continent
 64* To hide the slaine, ô from this time forth,
 * My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

IV.v.

*Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.**Ques.* I will not speake with her.*Gent.* Shee is importunat,
Indeede distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

"And spur my dull revenge" to "My thoughts be bloody or be nothing at all" omitted.

Ques. I will not speake with her.

Her. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moodes will needs be pitied.

Prince of Denmark.

Quee. What would she haue?

3

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hemes, and beates her hart,
Spurnes eniuously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halse fence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

6

†

10

†

14

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for shée may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

†

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. To my sickle soule, as sinnes true nature is,
Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
So full of artlesse iealousie is guilt,
It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spylt.

18

20

Oph. Where is the beautious Maiestie of Denmarke?

†

Quee. How now Ophelia? *shee sings.*
Oph. How shold I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and flasse, and his Sendall shoone.

24

26

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

†

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse Greene turph, at his heeles a stone.

28

30

O ho.

*

Quee. Nay but Ophelia.

34-5

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.

†

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweep to the ground did not go *Song.*
With true loue showers.

38†

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

40

Oph. Well good dildy you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter,
Lord we know what weare, but know not what we may be.
God beat your table.

44

Q. What would she haue?

H. She speakes much of her Father; saies she heares
There's trickes i'th'world, and hemes, and beats her heart,
Spurnes eniuously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection; they aymē at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts, i
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,

Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

Q. 'Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may strew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my sickē soule (as sinnes true Nature is)
Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amissie,
So full of Artlesse iealousie is guilt,
It spill'st it selfe, in fearing to be spilt,

Enter Ophelia distractē.

O. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.

Q. How now Ophelia?

O. How shold I your trhe loue know from another one?
By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shooone.

Q. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

O. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his heade a grasse-greeue Turfe, at his heeles a stone.

Enter King.

Q. Nay but Ophelia.

O. Pray you marke.

White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Q. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

O. Larded with sweet flowers:
Which bewept to the graue did not go,
With true-loue shewres.

K. How do ye, pretty Lady?

O. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was
a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

45 King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meaneſ, ſay you this.

48 To morrow is S. Valentines day, Song.
All in the morning betime,
And I a mayde at your window
To be your Valentine.

50 Then vp he roſe, and dond his cloſe, and dupi the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that ouer a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeede without an oath Ile make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint Charitie,

58 alack and fie for shame,

60 Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cock they are too blame.

Quorh ſhe, Before you tumbled me, you promiſd me to wed,
(He answers.) So would I a done by yonder funne

64 And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

† King. How long hath ſhe beeene thus?

68 Oph. I hope all will be well, we muſt be patient, but I cannot chuse but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother
70 ſhall know of it, and fo I thanke you for your good counſaile. Come
my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.
Sweet Ladys god night, god night.

74-5 King. Follow her cloſe, giue her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyon of deepe griefe, it ſprings all from her Fathers
death, and now behold, ô Gerrard, Gerrard.

78 When ſorrowes come, they come not ſingle ſpyes,

But in battalians: firſt her Father ſlaine,

80 Next, your ſonne gone, and he moſt violent Author

Of his owne iuft remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whiſpers

For good Polonius death: and we haue done but greenly

84 In hugger mugger to inter him: poore Ophelia

Deuided from herſelfe, and her faire iudgement,

VWithout the which we are pictures, or meere beaſts,

Last, and as much contayning as all theſe,

Her brother is in ſecret come from Fraunce,

88 Feeds on this wonder, keepeſ himſelfe in clowdes,

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this :
Tomorrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dapt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that onst a Maid, never departed more.

King. Pretty Opheles.

Ophe. Indeede la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.

Ey gis, and by S. Charitiy,
Alacke, and sie for shame :
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blamie.
Quoth she before you trembl'ed me,
You promis'd me to wed :
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient, but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should lay him i'th cold ground : My brother shall knowe of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my Coach : Goodnight Ladies : Goodnight sweet Ladies : Goodnight, goodnight.

Exit.

King. Follow her close,
Giue her good watch I pray you :
Oh this is the poysone of deepe greefe, it springs
All from her Fathers death. Oh Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,
But in Battalies. First, her Father slaine,
Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne iust remoue : the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers
For good Polonius death ; and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore Opheles
Dividied from her selfe, and her faire Judgement,

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,

Prince of Denmark.

And wants not buzzers to infect his care
 With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
 Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
 In earē and care : ô my deare *Gertrard*, this
 Like to a murdring piece in many places
 Giues me superfluous death.

A noise within.

Enter a Messenger.
King. Attend, where is my Swiflers, let them guard the doore,
 What is the matter ?

Messen. Sause your selfe my Lord.
 The Ocean ouer-peering of his list
 Eates not the flats with more impitious hast
 Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
 Ore-beares your Officers : the rabble call him Lord,
 And as the world were now but to beginne,
 Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
 The ratifiers and props of euery word,
 The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,
 Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
 O this is counter you false Danish dogges,

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke,
Laer. Where is this King? sirs stand you all without.
All. No lets come in,
Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.
All. VVe will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
 Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.
Laer. That drop of blood tharts calme proclames me Bastard,
 Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
 Euen heire betweene the chaste vnsmirched browe
 Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the cause *Laertes*
 That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like ?

And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necessarie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Giues me superfluous death.

A Noisewhitin.

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?

King. Where are my Switzers?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

Mes. Sause your selfe, my Lord.

The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)

Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste

Then young Laertes, in a Riotous head,

Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,

And as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,

The Ratifiers and props of every word,

They cry choose we? Laertes shall be King,

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,

Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Qu. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.

Noisewhitin. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.

Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.

Qu. Calmely good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes

Proclaims me Bastard:

Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot

Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmitched brow

Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause Laertes,

That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our person,
 122 There's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
 That treason can but peepe to what it would,
 124 A't's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
 Why thou art thus incenſt, let him goe *Gertrard*.
 Speake man.

127 *Laer.* Where is my father ?

King. Dead.

128 *Quee.* But not by him.

King. Let him daemaud his fill.

130 *Laer.* How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
 To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest devill,
 Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
 I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
 134 That both the worlds I gue to negligence,
 Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
 Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you ?

138 *Laer.* My will, not all the worlds :
 And for my meanes I'le husband them so well,
 They shall goe farre with little.

140 *King.* Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty
 Of your deere Father, i'lt writ in your reuenge,
 That soopstake, you will draw both friend and foe
 Winner and looser.

144 *Laer.* None but his enemies,

King. Will you know them then ?

148 *Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
 And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
 Repaſt them with my blood.

150 *King.* Why now you speake
 Like a good child, and a true Gentleman,
 That I am guiltlesſe of your fathers death,
 And am most fencibly in griefe for it,
 It ſhall as leuell to your judgement peare
 As day dooes to your eye.

A noyſe within.

Enter Ophelia.

153 *Laer.* Let her come in.
 How now, what noyſe is that ?

Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:
There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus Incest? Let him go *Gertrude*.
Speake man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Juggel'd with.
To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*:

If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if wrt in your revenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then.

La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as levell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

A noise within. Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?

Ophelia. His Honour. *Re-enter Laertes.*

Prince of Denmark.

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seauen times salt
 Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye,
 By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
 Tell our scale turne the beame, O Rose of May,
 Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*,
 O heauens, ist possible a young maids wits
 Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

154

†

158

† 160

164

Oph. They bore him bare-falte on the Beere, Song.
 And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
 Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perswade reuenge
 It could not mooue thus.

Oph. You must sing a downe a downe,
 And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
 It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.

168

170†

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray you loue re-
 member, and there is Pancies, that's for thoughts.

174

†

178-9

180

†

184

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for
 you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondates,
 you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dasie, I would
 giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
 they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
 She turns to fauour and to prettines.

188

Oph. And wil a not come againe, Song.
 And wil a not come againe,

190

No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
 He neuer will come againe.

194

His beard was as white as snow,
 Flaxen was his pole,

†

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
 God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians soules,
 God buy you.

197-8

†

Laer. Doc you this ô God.

201†

King. Laertes, I must commune with your griefe,
 Or you deny me right, goe but apart,

204

Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet Ophelia:
Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues.

Oph. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beere,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:
And on his graue raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Douse.

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Reuenge, it could not moue thus.

Oph. You must sing downe a-downe, and you call him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more then matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce. Pray loue remember: and there is Paoncies, that's for Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew with a difference. There's a Dayfie, I would give you some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed: They say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and Affiliction, Passion, Hell it selfe: She turnes to Fauour, and to pretinessse.

Oph. And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe?

No, no he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never wil come againe.

His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away more,
Gramercy on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.
God buy ye.

Exeunt Oph.

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. Laertes. I must common with your grace,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make

IV.v

I he I ragease of Hamlet

Make choice of whom your wifest friends you will,
 And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
 If by direct, or by colaturall hand
 They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
 Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
 To you in satisfaction; but if not,
 Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
 And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
 To giue it due content.

Lauer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
 No trophe sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
 No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
 Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
 That I must callt in question.

King. So you shall,
 And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
 I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. VVhat are they that would speake with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
 I should be greeted. If not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Saylers.

Say. God blesse you sir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee to.

Say. A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came
 frō th'Emballador that was bound for England, if your name be Ho-
 rato, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou shalt haue ouer lookt this, give these fel-
 lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee
 were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue
 vs chace, finding our selues too slow of saile, wee put on a compelled
 valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got
 cleere of our shyp, so I alone became theyr prisoner, they haue dealt
 with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to
 doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and
 repayre thou to me with as much spedee as thou wouldest flie death,
 I haue wordes to speake in thine care will make thee dumb, yet are
 they

205

208

212

214

†

218

220

IV.vi

†

4

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12

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24

†

Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me ;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crown, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so :

His meanes of death, his obscure buriall ;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall :
And where th' offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

Exeunt

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me ?

Ser. Saylors Sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I shoule be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God blesse you Sir.

Hor. Let him blesse thee too.

Say. Hee shall Sir, andt please him. There's a Letter
for you Sir : It comes from th'Ambassadours that was
bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

*H*Oratio, When thou shalt haue overlook'd this, giue these
Fellowes some meanes to the King : They haue Letters
for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very
Warlike appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our selves too
slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I
boorded them : On the instant they got cleare of our Skippe, so
I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with me, like
Theenes of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe
a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue
sent, and repairre thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest
fie death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee
dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.

Prince of Denmark.

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes
will bring thee where I am, Rosencraus and Gnyldenslerne hold theyr
course for England, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance scale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares : but tell mee
Why you proceede not against these feates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wisdome, all things els
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnsinnow'd,
But yet to mee tha't strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,
She is so concluse to my life and soule,
That as the starre moues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymbred for so loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe

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fiue dea: h. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee
dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Master.
These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosinrance
and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them
I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exit.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,

You mainly were storr'd vp?

King. O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnsinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almost by his lookes : and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so coniunctive to my life and soule ;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall genter beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too lightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a Noble Father lost,
A Sister druen into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praises may go backe againe)

The Tragedie of Hamlet

28 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

30 King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stiffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our selfe,
34 And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

† Enter a Messenger with Letters.

† Messen. These to your Maiestie, this to the Queene;

38 King. From Hamlet, who brought them?

40 Mess. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by Claudio, he receiuied them
* Of him that brought them.

43 King. Laertes you shall heare them : leauue vs.

High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom.
to morrow shall I begge leauue to see your kingly eyes, when I shal first
asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my fuddaine
returne.

50 King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
+ Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis Hamlets character. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he sayes alone,
Can you devise me?

† 54 Laer. I am lost in it my Lord but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknes in my hart
That I live and tell him to his teeth
Thus didst thou.

58 King. If it be so Laertes,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?

60-1 Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my devise,
64 Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall :

And

Who was (if praises may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that,
You must not thinke
That we are made of stiffe, so flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine —

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What Newes?

Mes. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your
Maiesty: this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Mes. Saylors my Lord they say, i saw them not:
They were giuen me by Claudio, he receiu'd them.

King. Laertes you shall heare them:

Leave vs.

Exit Messenger

High and Mighty, you shall know I am stark naked on your
Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leave to see your Kingly
Eyes. When I'll all (first asking your Pardon if erren't) re-
count th' Occasions of my sedaine and more strange returne.

Hamlet.

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

Kin. 'Tis Hamlets Character, naked and in a Post-
script here he sayes alone: Can you aunise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warines the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

Kin. If it be so Laertes, as how should i be so:
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'll not o'rerule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meaneas
No more to undertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall;

Prince of Denmark.

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practise,
And call it accident.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beeene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in Hamlets hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such envie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest fledge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then settled age, his fables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of Normandy.
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beeene incorp'rt, and demy natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wast?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cride out t'would be a sight indeed

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And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But euen his Mother shall vndcharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,
I'ue scene my selfe and seru'd against the French,
And they ran well on Horsebacke: but this Gallant

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he beene encorps't and deomy-Natur'd
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wast?

Kin. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life Lamound.

Kin. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And I emme of all our Nation.

Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
And gave you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed,

From "My Lord I will be ruled" to "Importing health and grauenes" omitted in the Folio.

IV. vii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

* 107 If one could match you ; the Scrimures of their nation
 * He swore had neither motion, guard nor eye,
 * (½) If you oppoſt them; ſir this report of his
 104 Did *Hamlet* ſo enuenom with his enuy,
 That he could nothing doe but wiſh and beg
 Your ſodaine comming ore to play with you
 Now out of this.

108 *Laer.* What out of this my Lord ?

King. *Laertes* was your father deare to you ?
 Or are you like the painting of a ſorrowe,
 A face without a hart ?

110 *Laer.* Why aske you this ?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
 But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
 And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
 Time qualifies the ſparke and fire of it,
 There liues within the very flame of loue
 A kind of weeke or ſnuſe that will abate it,
 And nothing is at a like goodnes ſtill,
 For goodnes growing to a plurifie,

Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
 We ſhould doe when we would : for this would change ,
 And hath abatements and delayes as many,
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
 And then this ſhould is like a ſpend thriſts ſigh,
 That hurts by easing ; but to the quick of th'vicer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
 To ſhowe your ſelfe indeede your fathers ſonne
 More then in words ?

 * *Laer.* To cut his throat i'th Church.

128 King. No place indeede ſhould murther ſanctuarife,
 Reuendge ſhould haue no bounds : but good *Laertes*
 130 Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, ſhall knowe you are come home,
 Weele put on thole ſhall praife your excellencie,
 And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
 134 The french man gaue you, bring you in ſine together
 And wager ore your heads ; he being remiſſe,
 Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

...

If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin. *Laertes* was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of proose,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
To shew your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Revenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellency,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And waget on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,

Prince of Denmark.

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnbated, and in a pace of practise
Requite him for your Father.

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Laer. I will doo't,
And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanc
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can sauе the thing from death
That is bur scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

140

King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should sayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd, therfore this project,
Should haue a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooфе; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chaunce escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

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Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drownd *Laertes.*

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Laer. Drown'd, ô where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke
That shewes his horry leaues in the glassy streme,
Therewith fantastique garlands did she make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daises, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a grossler name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

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Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword unbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

Kis. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuerience both of time and meanes
May sic vs to our shape, if this should faile;
And that our drift looke throughout our bad performance,
'Twere better not affaid; therefore this Project
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proose: Soft, let me see
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,

I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venoin'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queen.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes a slant a Brooke,
That she wes his hore leaues in the glassie streme:
There with fantastick Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayfies, and long Purples,
That libetall Shepheards give a grosser name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds

The Tragedie of Hamlet

174 Clambring to hang, an eniuious sliver broke,
 + When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
 Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
 And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
 178 Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
 As one incapable of her owne distresse,
 180 Or like a creature native and indewed
 Vnto that elament, but long it could not be
 + Till that her garments heauy with theys drinke,
 + Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

184 *Laer.* Alas, then she is drownd.

Queen. Drownd, drownd.

188 *Laer.* Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
 And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
 It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
 Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
 190 The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
 I haue a speech a fire that faine would blasfe,
 But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

+ *King.* Let's follow *Gertrard*,
 How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
 Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
 Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clowns.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully seekes her owne saluation ?

Other. I tell thee she is, therfore make her graue straight, the crowner hath late on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne defence.

Other. Why tis found so.

Clowne. It must be so offendred, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the poynct, if I drown me my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the man,

Clambring to hang; an enuious fluer broke,
When downe the weedy Trephies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Native, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her noclodious buy,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbide my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:

How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clowns.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that
wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue
straight, the Crouner hath late on her, and finds it Christian
buriall.

Clo. How can that be, vntesse she drown'd her selfe in
her owne defences?

Other. Why tis found so.

Clo. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for
heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it ar-
gues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an
Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe
wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Give me leaue; heere lies the water; good:
heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this wa-
ter and drown him selfe; it is will he nill he, he goes;
marke you that? But if the water come to him & drown
him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not
guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Prince of Denmark.

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drownē himselfe, it is will
he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, &
drownē him, he drownēs not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of
his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i'st. Crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truch an't, if this had not beene a gentlewo-
man, she should haue been buried out a christian buriall.

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pitty that great folke
should haue countnaunce in this world to drownē or hang theselues,
more then theye euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient
gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold
vp Adams profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.

Ile put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the pur-
pose, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the
Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good sayth, the gallowes dooes well,
but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou
doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall,
the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. VWho buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a
Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell,

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse wil
not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question
next, say a graue-maker, the houses hee makes last till Doomesday.
Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a soope of liquer.

In yowth when I did loue did loue, *Song.*

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract ô the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

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Clown. Give me leue; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this wa-
ter and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne
him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not
guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not
beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried
out of Christian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pity that
great folke should haue countenance in this world to
drowne or hang themselves, more then their even Christi-
an. Come my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen,
but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp
Adams Profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou under-
stand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd;
could hee digge without Armes? He put another que-
stion to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, con-
fesse thy selfe——

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the
Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outlives 2
thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes
does well; but how does it well? it does well to those
that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is
built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes
may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Ship-
wright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braintes no more about it; for your
dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when
you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the
Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee
to Taughan, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,
me thought it was very sweete:
To contrarie O the time for a my behauie,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

[†]
73 *Ham.* Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of easines.

⁷⁷⁻⁸ *Ham.* Tis een so, the hand of little imployement hath the dintier fense

[†]
80 *Clow.* But age with his stealing steppes *Song.*

⁸⁰ hath clawed me in his clutch,

[†] And hath shipp'd me into the land,

as if I had neuer been such.

⁸⁴ *Ham.* That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the
knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the
first murder, this might be the pate of a pollitician, which this asse now
ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

⁹⁰ *Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord,
how doost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that
praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to beg it, might it not?

⁹⁵ *Hor.* I my Lord.

⁹⁸ *Ham.* Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt
about the massene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine revolution and
we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding,
but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

¹⁰⁰⁻¹ *Clow.* A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*

for and a shrowding sheet

¹⁰⁴ *O* a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

¹⁰⁶ *Ham.* There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer,
where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cases, his tenurs, and his
tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him a-
bout the sconce with a durrie shouell, and will not tell him of his acti-
on of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of
Land, with his Statuts, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouch-
ers, his recoveries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers
vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length
and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his
Lands will scarcely lye in this box, & must th'inheritor himselfe haue
no more, ha.

¹¹² *Hora.* Not a iot more my Lord.

¹¹⁷ *Ham.* Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

¹²⁰ *Hora.*

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his busynesse, that he sings at Graue-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easinessse.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

*But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch :
And bath shipp'd me intill the Land,
as if I had never beeene such.*

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it were *Caines* Jaw-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pace of a Politician which this Asse o're Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Worries, Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne sings.

*A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade,
for and a shrowding-Sheeve:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.*

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quyllers? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might bee in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Reconneries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recouerries, to haue his fine Pace full of fine Dritt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Prince of Denmark.

- Hora.* I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to 124
Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke our assurance in
that, I wil speak to this fellow. Whose graue's this serra?
Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made. +128-9
Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't. 137-2
Clow. You lie out on't sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I
doe not lie in't, yet it is mine. 135
Ham. Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead,
not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.
Clow. Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you. 140
Ham. What man doost thou digge it for?
Clow. For no man sir.
Ham. What woman then?
Clow. For none neither. 144
Ham. Who is to be buried in't?
Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shée's dead.
Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or 148
equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I
haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the
pesant coms so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How
long hast thou been Graue-maker?
Clow. Of the dayes i' th yere I came too't that day that our last king 154+
Hamlet ouercame *Fortenbrasse*. 158
Ham. How long is that since?
Clow. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that, it was that 160
very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: hee that is mad and sent into
England.
Ham. I marry why was he sent into *England*? 163-4
Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recover his wits there, or if
a doo not, tis no great matter there.
Ham. Why?
Clow. Twill not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad 168
Ham. How came he mad? (as hee.) 170
Clow. Very strangely they say.
Ham. How strangely?
Clow. Fayth eene with loosing his wits.
Ham. Vpon what ground?
Clow. Why heere in Denmarkke: I haue been Sexten heere man 174
and boy thirty yeeres. 177

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speake so this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

*O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meere.*

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill a way againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. I warry, why was he sent into England?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.

Ham. Why?

Clo. Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin sixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty years.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

- 178.9 Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot ?
 Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poc-
 kie corses, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you som eyght
 yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yeere,
- 185 Ham. Why he more then another ?
 Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that a will keepe
 out water a great while ; & your water is a sore decayer of your whor-
 son dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.
- 188 192 Ham. Whose was it ?
 Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was ?
 Ham. Nay I know not.
- 196 Ham. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a poured a flagon of
 Renish on my head once ; this same skull sir, was sir Yorick's skull, the
 Kings Iester.
- 200 Ham. This ?
 Clow. Een that.
- 203 Ham. Alas poore Yorick, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite
 iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thou-
 sand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is : my gorge
 rises at it. Heere hung those lyppes that I haue kist I know not howe
 oft, where be your gibes now ? your gamboles, your songs, your fla-
 shes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one
 now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chapsalne. Now get you
 to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this fa-
 uourshe must come, make her laugh at that.
- 216 Ham. Prethee Horatio tell me one thing.
 Hora. What's that my Lord ?
 Ham. Doost thou thinke Alexander lookt a this fashion i'th earth ?
 Hora. Een so.
- 220 Ham. And smelt so pah.
 Hora. Een so my Lord.
- 223 Ham. To what base vses wee may returne Horatio ? Why may not
 imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till a find it stopping
 a bunghole ?
- 227 Hor. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.
 Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thereth with modesty
 enough, and likelyhood to leade it. Alexander dyed, Alexander was
 buried, Alexander returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vvee
 make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might
 they

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarses now adajes, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine year e.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a sore Decaye of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was; Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A peistence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a Flaggon of Remish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was Yoricks Scull, the Kings Iester.

Ham. This?

Clo: E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poore Yorick, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Jest; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I haue kist! know not how ofe. VVhere be your libes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopfaine? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an iuch thicke, to this fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: pry-thee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fa-
shion i' th' earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it Gopping a bunghole.

Hor. I were to consider: to curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether with modeſtie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into duit; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuered), might they not stopp a Beere-barrel? Imperiall Cesar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Prince of Denmark.

they not stoppe a Beare-barrell?
 Imperious *Caſar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
 Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
 O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
 Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
 But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
 The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?
 And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
 The corſe they follow, did with deſprat hand
 Foredoe it owne life, twas of ſome eſtate,
 Couch we a while and marke.

234

238

†240

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†

*Enter K. Q.
Laertes and
the corſe.*

+244

248

†250

†

†254

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258

260

264

268

Laer. What Ceremonie els?
Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.
Laer. What Ceremonie els?
Doct. Her obſequies haue been as farre inlarg'd
 As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
 And but that great commaund oreſwayes the order,
 She ſhould in ground vnsanctified been lodg'd
 Till the laſt trumpet: for charitable prayers,
 Flints and peebles ſhould be throwne on her:
 Yet heere ſhe is allow'd her virgin Crants,
 Her mayden ſtrewnents, and the bringing home
 Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone.

We ſhould prophane the ſervice of the dead,
 To ſing a Requiem and ſuch reſt to her
 Aſto peace-parted ſoules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
 And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh
 May Violets ſpring: I tell thee churliſh Priſt,
 A miniftriſg Angell ſhall my ſiſter be
 When thou lyeft howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*.

Quee. Sweets to the ſweet, farewell,

I hop't thou ſhould'ſt haue been my *Hamlet's* wife,
 I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt ſweet maide,
 And not haue ſtrew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe

ted, might they not stopp a Beere-barrel?
Imperiall Cesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, & expell the winters flaw.
But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.

*Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,
with Lords attendant.*

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,

And with such misimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with desperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,
She shold in ground vnsanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, shold be thro wne on her:
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We shold prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministering Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.
I hop'd thou shold'st haue bin my Hamlets wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t'hane strew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,

The Trageuce of Hamlet

+ 270 Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence
Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes ;
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old Pelion, or the skyesh head
Of blew Olympus.

274 *Ham.* What is he whose griefe
Bears such an emphesis, whose phrase of sorrow
Coniures the wandering starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers : this is I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devill take thy soule,
278 *Ham.* Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not spleenatiue rash, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
280 Which let thy wisedome feare ; hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them a funder.

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

288 *Hora.* Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
290 Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my sonne, what theame ?

Ham. I loued Ophelia, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantirie of loue
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad. *Laertes.*

Quee. For loue of God forbeare him.

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'owt doe :
298 Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,
Woo't drinke vp Eſhill, eate a Crocadile ?

300 Ille doo't, dooſt come heere to whine ?

To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindgine his pate against the burning Zone

Fall ten times trebble, on that curseā head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenioussence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes :

Leaps in the grave.

Now pile your dust, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is he, whose grieses
Beares such an Emphasis ? whose phrase of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers ? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Iaer. The deuill take thy soule.

Ham. Thou prai'st not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rash,
Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme,
Vntill my cielids will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame ?

Ham. I lou'd Ophelia; fortie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her ?

King. Oh he is mad Laertes,

Qu. For loue of Godforbeare him.

Ham. Come shew me what thou'l doc.

Woo't weepe ? Woo't fight ? Woo't teare thy selfe ?
Woo't drinke vp Effe, eate a Crocodile ?

11c

Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine ;
To oufase me with leaping in her Graue ?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.

And if thou parte of Mountaines ; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs ; till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,

V.i.

Prince of Denmark.

Make Offa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.

306

Queen. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

308 †

Ham. Hearre you sir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let Hercules himselfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*

312

King. I pray thee good Horatio waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good Gerrard set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thirtie shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

316 †

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320

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322 †

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance,

V.ii.

†

Horatio. Remember it my Lord.

4

Ham. Sir in my harte there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,
And prayd be rashnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well
When our deepe plots doe pall, & that should learne vs
Ther's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

8

†

12

†

12

Horatio. That is most certaine.

12

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,

My sea-gowne scarf about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

26

N.

My

Make Off^s like a warr. Nay, and thou'l^t mouth,
Lie rant as well as thou.

Kin. This is meere Madnesse :
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him :
Anon as patient as the seynale Doue,
When that her golden Cuplet are disclosed ;
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir :
What is the reason that you vse me thus ?
I lou'd you euer; but it is no matter :
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew , and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit.*

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,
Wee'l put the matter to the present push :
Good *Gertrude* set some watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue shall haue a living Monauement :
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,
You doe remember all the Circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
(And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Up from my Cabin
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them ; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packer, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,

V.ii.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

† 17 My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
 Their graund commission ; where I found *Horatio*
 A royll knauery, an exact command
 20 Larded with many severall sorts of reasons,
 Importing Denmarkes health, and *Englands* to,
 With hoo such bugges and goblines in my life,
 That on the superuise no leasure bated,
 24 No nor to stay the grinding of the Axe,
 My head should be strooke off.

Horat. Is't possible ?

Ham. Heeres the commission, read it at more leasure,
 But wilt thou heare now how I did procced.

Horat. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benettred round with villaines,
 30 Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
 They had begunne the play, I sat me downe,
 Deuisd a new commission, wrote it faire,
 I once did hold it as our statists doe,
 34 A basenesle to write faire, and laboured much
 How to forget that learning, but sir now
 It did me yemans seruice, wilt thou know
 Th'effect of what I wrote ?

Horat. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest coniuration from the King,
 As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
 38 As loue betweene them like the palme might florish,
 As peace should still her wheaten garland weare
 And stand a Comma tweene their amities,
 And many such like, as sir of great charge,
 44 That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
 Without debatement further more or lesse,
 He shoulde those bearers put to suddaine death,
 Not shriuing time alow'd.

Horat. How was this seald ?

Ham. Why eu'en in that was heauen ordinant,
 48 I had my fathers signet in my purse
 Which was the modill of that Danish seale,
 Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
 50 Subscribe it, gau'th'impression, plac'd it safely,

(My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knavery : An exact command,
Larded with many severall sorts of reason;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the superuize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head shoud be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed ?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benettred round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I fate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning : but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans seruice : wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary ,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many such like Affis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to todaine death,
Not shusing time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Danish Seal :
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau' th' impression, plac't it safely,

Prince of Denmarke.

The chang'ling neuer knowne : now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

53

†

Hora. So *Gyldenstjerne* and *Rosencrans* goe too't.

56

Ham. They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incensed points
Ofmighty opposits.

†

Hora. Why what a King is this !
Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vpon ?
He that hath kild my King, and whot'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cusnage, i'st not perfect conscience ?

†

64

67

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcomme backe to Denmarke.
Ham. I humble thank e you sir.
Dooft know this water fly ?

82.

Hora. No my good Lord.

85

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious , for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill : let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the Kings messe , tis a chough, but as I say, spacious
in the possession of durt.

90

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leisure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

93

Ham. I will receave it sir withall dilligence offpirit , your bonnet
to his right vse, tis for the head.

96

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

100

Ham. No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

†

Cour. It is indefferent cold my Lord indeed.

103

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very sully and hot, or my complec-
tion.

†

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord , it is very soultery, as t'were I can-
not tell how : my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you , that a
has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

†

Ham. I beseech you remember.

103

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith,sir here is newly
com to Court *Laertes*,believe me an absolute gentlemen,ful of most

†

111

The changeling never knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was fement,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So *Guildersterne* and *Rosincrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon
He that hath kill'd my King, and whord my Mother,
Popt in betweene th' election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozengage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the busynesse there.

Ham. It will be short,
The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; He count his fauours:
But sure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Ofricke. (marke.)

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, doft know this waterfle?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to
know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings
Meise; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the pos-
session of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure,
I should impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put
your Bonet to his right vse, 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is
Northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very soultry, and hot for my
Complexion.

Ofricke.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere
I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiestie had me sig-
nifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head:
Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beleech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine easie in good faith:
Sirs, ye are not ignorant of what excellency *Laertes* is at
his weapon.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

112 * excellent differences, of very soft society , and great showing : indeede to speake sellingly of him , hee is the card or kalender of gentry : for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

117 * *Ham.* Sir, his desinement suffers no perdition in you , though I
* know to deuide him inuentorially, would dosie th'arithmaticke of
* memory, and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick saile , but
121 * in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article,
* & his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true dixion
* of him,his semblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him,his
* vmbrage, nothing more.

126-7 * *Cour.* Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernyng sir , why doe we wrap the gentleman in
our more rawer breath ?

130 * *Cour.* Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue , you will
too't sir really.

133-4 * *Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of Laertes.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

138 * *Ham.* Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

140 * *Ham.* I would you did sir , yet in faith if you did , it would not
much approoue me, well sir.

143-4 * *Cour.* You are not ignorant of what excellency Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that , least I should compare with
him in excellency, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himselfe.

148 * *Cour.* I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on
him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

151 *Ham.* What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

154 *Cour.* The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horses,
against the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers
and Poynards, with their assinges, as girdle, hanger and so. Three
of the carriages in faith , are very deare to fancy, very reponsive to
the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

161 *Ham.* What call you the carriages ?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had

Lines between "I do beseech you remember" to "What's his weapon?" omitted or rewritten for the folio.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith : Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellency *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapiers and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The fir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Horse, against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle, Hangers or so: three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very responsuere to the hilts, molt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Prince of Denmark.

done.

Cou. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our sides, I would it be hangers till then, but on, six Barbry horses against six French swords their assigues, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish, why is this all you call it?

Cou. The King sir, hath layd sir, that in a dozen pusses betweene your selfe and him, hee shall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Cou. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, ifir please his Maiestie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cou. Shall I deliuier you so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what florish your nature will.

Cou. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hor. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did sir with his dugge before a fuckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of encounter, a kind of hasty colection, which carries them through and through the most prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by young Ostricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoeuer, provided I be so able as now.

N 3

Lord.

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164

167

170

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193-4

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* 203

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* 208

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* 211

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Horse against sixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answere.

Ham. How if I answe're no?

Ofr. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Majestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, I le gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliuer you ee'n so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauy that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tunc of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

212 * Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

215 * Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment

Laertes, before you fall to play.

218 * Ham. Sheewell instructs me.

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

220 Ham. I doe not thinkeso, since he went into France, I haue bene
in continual practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not
think how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

224 Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gamgiuing, as
would perhaps trouble a woman.

227 * Hora. If your minde dislike any thing, obey it. I will forstal their
repaire hether, and say you are not fit.

230 + Ham. Not a whit, we desie augury, there is speciall prouidence in
the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come,
it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all,
since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what iſt to leaue betimes,
let be.

*A table prepard, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cusion,
King, Queene, and all the state, Fviles, daggers,
and Laertes.*

236 King. Come Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,

240 And you must needs haue heard, how I am punniſht
With a ſore diſtraction, what I haue done

That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I heare proclaime was madneſſe,

244 Waſt Hamlet wronged Laertes? neuer Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himſelfe be fane away,
And when hee's not himſelfe, dooes wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet dooes it not, Hamlet denies it,

245 Who dooes it then? his madneſſe. Ift be ſo,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,

His madneſſe is poore Hamlets enimie,

250 Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd euill,

Free me ſo farre in your moſt generous thoughts

254 That I haue ſhot my arrowe o're the house

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France,
I haue beeene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the
odds: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere a-
bout my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of
gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will fore-
stall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciaall
Prouidence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not
to come: if it beenot to come, it will bee now: if it
be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no
man ha's ought of what he leaves. What is't to leaue be-
times?

*Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with other Atten-
dants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and
Flagons of Wine on it.*

Kin. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard how I am punish't
With sore distraction? What I haue done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Neuer Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away:
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it:
Who does it then? His Madnesse? Ift be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madnesse is poore Hamlets Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother.

Prince of Denmarke.

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my revendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngord : but all that time
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely , and will this brothers wager
frankly play.
Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles young *Ostricke*, cosin *Hamlet*,
You knowe the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a'th weeker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heauy : let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ofr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon that table,

If *Hamlet* give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answere of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,

And in the cup an Vnise shall he throwe,

Richer then that which foure successiue Kings

In Denmarks Crowne haue worne : giue me the cups,

And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,

The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,

The Cannons to the heauens, the heaven to earth.

+
255

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260

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264

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274+

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288

And hutt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my Revenge. But in my termes of Honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
I haue a voyce, and president of peace
To keepe my name vagorg'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd loue like loue,
And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankly play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. He be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Yout Skill shal like a Starre i' th'darkest night,
Sticke siery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the Foyles yong *Ofricke*,
Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker side.

King. I do not feare it,
I haue seene you both:
But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heauy,
Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,
These Foyles haue all a length. Prepare to play.

Ofricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If *Hamlet* give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw
Richer then that, which foure successiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crownes haue worne.

Giue

Giue me the Cups,
And let the Kettie to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinke to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Now the King drinkes to Hamlet, come beginne. *Trumpets the while.*
 And you the Judges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Ostrick. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Drum, trumpets and shot.

Laer. Well, againe.

Florish, a peece goes off.

King. Stay, give me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.
 Heeres to thy health : give him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while

Come, another hit. What say you ?

Laer. I doe confess.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,
 The Queene carowses to thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrard doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poysned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.

I pray you passe with your best violence

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so, come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incent.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queene there howe.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord ?

Ostr. How ist Laertes ?

Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge Ostrick,

Now the King drinkest to Hamlet. Come, begin,
And you the Judges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come on sir.

They play.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Ofr. A hit, a very paipable hit.

Leer. Well : againe.

King. Stay, give me drinke.

Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup,

Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.

Ham. Ie play this bout first, set by a-while.

Come : Another hit ; what say you ?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our Sonne shall win.

Qn. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,

The Queene Carewses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrude, do not drinke.

Qn. I will my Lord ;

I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,

By and by.

Qn. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ie hit him now.

King. I do not thinke't.

Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,

I pray you passe with your best violence,

I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so ? Come on.

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

In scuffling they change Rapiers.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come, againe.

Ofr. Looke to the Queene there hea.

Hor. They bled on both sides. How is't my Lord ?

Ofr. How is't Laertes ?

Laer. Why as a Woodcocke

Tapping Scindas, Ofrick.

Play.

Prince of Denmarke.

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.	318
<i>Ham.</i> How dooes the Queene?	
<i>King.</i> Shee sounds to see them bleed.	
<i>Quee.</i> No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare Hamlet,	320
The drinke the drinke, I am poysned.	
<i>Ham.</i> O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,	
Treachery, seeke it out.	
<i>Lac.</i> It is heere Hamlet, thou art flaine,	324
No medcin in the world can doe thee good,	
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,	†
The treacherous instrument is in my hand	
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the soule practise	328
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere I lie	
Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's poysned,	330
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.	
<i>Ham.</i> The point iuuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.	
<i>All.</i> Treason, treason.	334
<i>King.</i> O yet defend me friends, I am bur hurt.	
<i>Ham.</i> Heare thou incestuous damned Dane,	
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?	
Follow my mother.	†
<i>Lac.</i> He is iustly serued, it is a poyson temperd by himselfe,	338-9
Exchange forgiuenesse with me noble Hamlet,	
Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,	
Nor thine on me.	342
<i>Ham.</i> Heaven make thee free ofit, I follow thee;	
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adiew.	
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,	
That are but mures, or audience to this act,	346
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death	
Is strict in his arrest, ô I could tell you,	
But let it be; Horatio I am dead,	
Thou liuest, report me and my cause a right	
To the vnatisfied.	350 †
<i>Hora.</i> Neuer belieue it;	
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,	352
Heere's yet some liquer left.	
<i>Ham.</i> As th'art a man	
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,	
O,	354

I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She sounds to see them bledē.

Q. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.

Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poysōn'd.

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*.

Hamlet, thou art slaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Vnbated and envenom'd: the soule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Lo, heere I lye,
Never to rise againe: Thy Mothers poysōn'd:

I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.

Harts the King.

All. Treason, Treason.

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother.

King Djes.

Laer. He is iustly seru'd.

It is a poysōn temp'red by himselfe:
Exchange forgiuenesse with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Djes.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this aēte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right
To the vnsatisfied.

Hor. Never beleue it.

I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen I haue't.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

355 O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name
 + Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me ?
 358 If thou did'st euer hold me in thy hart,
 Absent thee from felicity a while,
 And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine
 360 To tell my story : what warlike noise is this ?

*A march a
farre off.*

Enter Ofrik.

Ofr. Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,
 To th'embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,

364 The potent poysone quite ore-crowes my spirit,
 I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
 But I doe prophecie th'election lights
 On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
 368 So tell him, with th'occurrants more and lesse
 Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

+ 370 *Hora.* Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
 And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
 Why dooes the drum come hether ?

Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.

For. Where is this sight ?

Hora. What is it you would see ?

374 If fought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
 For. This quarry cries on hauock, ô prou'd death
 What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
 That thou so many Princes at a shot
 So bloudily hast strook ?

378 *Embas.* The sight is dismal
 And our affaires from *England* come too late,
 380 The eares are sencelesse that should give vs hearing,
 To tell him his commandment is fulld,
 That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* are dead,
 Where should we haue our thankes ?

384 *Hora.* Not from his mouth
 Had it th'ability of life to thanke you ;
 He never gaue commandement for their death ;
 386 But since to iump vpon this bloody question

Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus vnowne) shall lie behind me.
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicite awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.

March afarre off, and shout within.

What warlike noyse is this?

Enter Ofricke.

Ofr. Yong Fortinbras, with conquest come fr̄ Poland
To th' Ambassadors of England giues this warlike vally.

Ham. O I dye Horatio:

The potent poynson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot lieue to heare the Newes fr̄om England,
But I do prophesie th' election lieth
On Fortinbras, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,
Which haue solicited. The rest is silence, O,o,o,o. Dyes

Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart:

Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme,
Colours and Attendants.*

Fortin. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see;
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou so many Princes, at a shooce,
So bloodily hast strooke.

Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eates are senselesse that should give vs hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfull'd,

That Rosincrance and Guilderstane are dead:
Where should we haue our thankes?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He never gaue command'ment for their death.
But since so iumpe vpon this bloodie question,

Prince of Denmarke.

You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England*.
 Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies
 High on a stage be placed to the view,
 And let me speake, to yet vnknowing world
 How these things came about ; so shall you heare
 Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
 Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters,
 Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause
 And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
 Falne on th'inuenters heads : all this can I
 Truly deliuier.

387

For. Let vs haft to hearre it,
 And call the noblest to the audience,
 For me, with sorrowe I embrase my fortune,
 I haue some rights, of memory in this kingdome,
 Which now to claime my vantage doth inuite me.

398

Hora. Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,
 And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe no more,
 But let this same be presently perform'd
 Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance
 On plots and errores happen.

400

†

402+

†

For. Let foure Captaines
 Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stage,
 For he was likely, had he beeene put on,
 To haue prooued most royall ; and for his passage,
 The souldiers musick and the right of warre
 Speake loudly for him :
 Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
 Becomes the field, but heere shewes much amisse.
 Goe bid the souldiers shooote. *Exeunt.*

406

†

410+

†

414

FINIS.

G 2

You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriu'd. Giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th' yet vnlouing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuier.

For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the Nobleſt to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embraxe my Fortune,
I haue ſome Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claime, my vantage doth
Invite me,

Hor. Of that I ſhall haue alwayes caufe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Left more miſchance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Beare Hamlet like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he bee[n]e put on
To haue prou'd moſt roially:
And for his paſſage,
The Souldiours Muſicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a ſight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere ſhewes much am'ſ.
Go, bid the Souldiours ſhoote.

*Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of
Ordenance are ſhot off.*

